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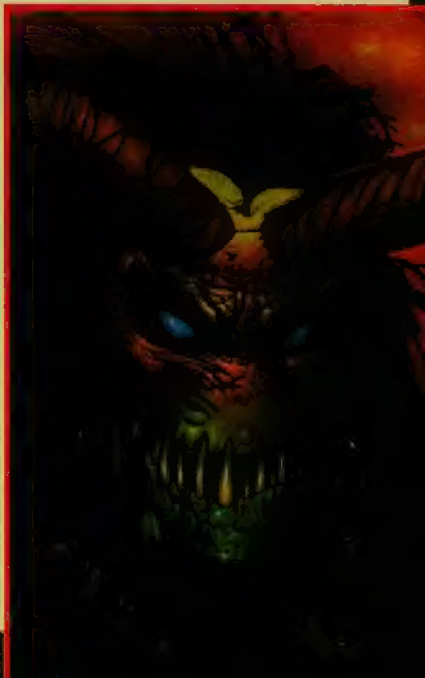
# G A L L E R Y

Simon Bisley is Britain's most famous export of recent years. His stylized renderings of big guns and over-exaggerated muscles have taken the world's comic market by storm. Looking like one of his characters (six feet tall with required leather jacket), Simon's main loves are cars and motorcycles.

Influenced by the work of Richard Corben and Frank Frazetta, Simon Bisley practiced his illustration techniques during a stint at art college. His powerful images of ultra-dramatic ultra violence were looked upon there as a waste of time. Moving to London, this grim, engine-grease loving, Heavy Metal fan found jobs doing album cover art which garnered appearances in *Rock Power*. The first time he ever tried a sequential strip was for *2000 A.D.* with the *A.B.C. Warriors* and it just took off. This led to work on the daily newspaper strip *Judge Dredd*. Bisley's no-nonsense attitude made this futuristic Dirty Harry character an instant smash in Great Britain.

*Judgment On Gotham*, a Judge Dredd crossover with America's popular caped crime fighter Batman, brought Simon Bisley's talent into the spotlight here in the U.S. as well. Capable of creating with great speed (producing six or more finished pages a day) he has amassed an impressive portfolio in just a few years. His work on *Doom Patrol*, *Grendel*, *Judge Dredd*, *Lobo*, *Melting Pot*, *Slaine*, and *Swamp Thing* have guaranteed them best sellers. He is currently collaborating with his *Melting Pot* partners Kevin Eastman and Eric Talbot on a top secret new project due later this year.



HEY, COME AND GET IT! ARTHURA, CALL YOUR BROTHER.
EVEN THE PLATES HAVE DINOSAURS!!!!
CARL, COME AND GET IT, YOU IDIOT!
THIS IS PISSING ME OFF. FIRST THE MOVIES, AND NOW THESE CREATURES ARE EVERYWHERE!
OVID...DON'T BE IRRITABLE. IT'S NOT WORTH IT.
BUT THEY HAVE LIZARDS ON EVERYTHING-SHIRTS, WATCHES, HATS, COOKIES, SUNGLASSES, CHEWING GUM...EVERYTHING!
AND YOUR SIMPLETON OF A BROTHER, IS HE COMING OR NOT?
HERE HE COMES, RUNNING. SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!
DAD, DAD? CAN I HAVE A PET?!

BUT WHAT IS THIS CRETIN SAYING?
HERE COMES THE MAN WHO'S SELLING THEM...
HE'S GOT TO BE A SLOW ONE...THEY'VE GOTTEN TIRED OF SELLING RUGS AND RADIOS...LOOK YOU!
NO, DAD. HE'S NOT SLOW...
UUNNNGGGH! WHAT'S THAT?
A PET, DAD...
EEEK! OVID DO SOMETHING!
G...GO BACK...MMMM... MOI...DATTELY. YOU RETUS TO YOUR MASTER AND DON'T PUSH IT, FLORA!
GOOD DAY, FOLKS! TAKE A DINOSAUR INTO YOUR LIVES...

GUARANTEED! GENETICALLY ENGINEERED! A HUNDRED PERCENT NATURAL! BIOLOGICALLY SOUND!
IT'S THE PERFECT TIME! THE IDEAL COMPANION FOR YOUR KIDS! WITHIN A COUPLE OF MONTHS ALL THE KIDS WILL HAVE THEIR "DINO." WHY BE THE LAST AND PAY A HIGHER PRICE!
THE TENONTOSAURUS IS MADE OF HIPPOPOTAMUS, WITH SOME CAMEL AND A TOUCH OF A PIG. AMAZING, NOT
THE TYRANNOSAURUS WAS THE MOST COMPLICATED: CROCODILE, KILLER WHALE, CHICKEN, ELEPHANT AND OTHERS FOR DETAIL THE STRUTHIOMIMUS, FROM OSTRICH, GREYHOUND AND TREX FROG.
WE HAVE MANY OTHER MODELS IN OUR CATALOG. OF COURSE, AND IN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS WE'LL COME OUT WITH SOME NEW ONES.
AT THIS VERY MOMENT WE'RE HAVING AN INCREDIBLE SALE AND IF ONE OF THESE INTERESTS YOU, WE CAN GIVE YOU AN EVEN GREATER DISCOUNT...
DADDY, PLEASE! THE TYRANT!

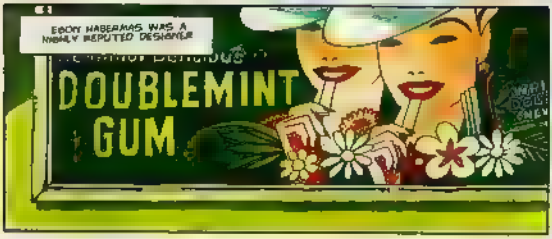
IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME. YOU'RE GOING TO ASK ME WHY I HAD TO DO THAT. THE GUY WAS NICE ENOUGH TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING. AND THE CHILDREN CAN SEE THE ILLUSION HE MADE. PLUS THE PRICE WASN'T SO GOOD...
NO! IT'S BECAUSE YOU WERE NEVER A CHILD! BECAUSE YOU NEVER FULFILLED SO MANY OF YOUR DESIRES.
WHEN I WAS A BOY MY PARENTS BOUGHT THEIR CHILDREN A PARAKEET, A CAT OR A DOG.../ NOT AN ANTEDILUVIAN MONSTER!
IT'S YOU WHO IS THE ANTEDILUVIAN MONSTER! A SHIT...AND SELFISH, INSENSITIVE MAN.
IF THEY WERE SELLING SOMETHING OBVIOUSLY ABSURD LIKE SOME OF THAT HOME DESPAIR TOOLS IT WOULD BE WELL AND FINE...BUT FOR THE CHILDREN...NOTHING!
IT'S CALLED HOME REPAIR, YOU STUPID...
TO IVA, WHO HAD THE UGLY JOB OF WORKING WITHOUT GUIDANCE WHILE I WAS DISCONNECTED FROM THE WORLD. THANKS FOR SO MANY LAUGHS.

# MUSEUM

WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE MUSEUM OF COMPULSIVE COLLECTORS.
MAKE AN EFFORT NOT TO STICK CHEWING GUM ON THE COLUMNS
IT THROWS ME OUT OF RHYTHM AND HAS NEGATIVE REPERCUSSIONS ON MY LECTURE
COULDN'T YOU SPEAK A LITTLE MORE SLOWLY?

THIS TINY BOTTLE IS THE SYMBOL OF THE CRUEL FATE OF

Egon Habermas
NIHIL MEDIUM EST


EGON HABERMAS WAS A HIGHLY REPUTED DESIGNER
DOUBLEMINT GUM

INTERNATIONALLY RECOGNIZED AND ROCKED BY SUCCESS FEW COULD HAVE HOPED FOR HIS PATHETIC END

BEFORE DEFINITIVELY DISAPPEARING, HE WROTE THIS DIARY IN WHICH HE, HIMSELF, EXPLAINS HIS TERRIBLE OBSESSION. LEAVING IT AT THAT. THIS TIME IT WILL NOT BE MY WORDS WHICH WILL MAKE THE STORY.
THERE ARE SOME WHO BELIEVE THE WORK OF A DESIGNER IS SOMETHING COMFORTABLE AND RELAXED.
I CAN ASSURE THEM THAT FOR ME THE DESIGN OF NEW PACKAGING HAS COME TO BE AN AUTHENTIC OBSESSION.
I BEGAN TO COLLECT BEER CANS, AS DOCUMENTATION. IN SECRET, I CREATED LITTLE TASTING RITUALS.
BRUMBLE
LATER I CAME TO TURN TO SOUPS. I WORKED TO TASTE ALL THE VARIETIES TO OBTAIN ALL OF THE PACKAGING.
LITTLE BY LITTLE, MY PREFERENCES TO THE SUPERMARKET GRADUATED INTO A PARANOIAC SPECIALIZATION.
I HAD TO TASTE ALL THE FOOD SO THAT I COULD HAVE ALL THE PACKAGING. BOXES CANS BAGS ETC

AT THE CLOSE OF A FEW MONTHS OF UNCONTROLLABLE MEALS, THE ORGANISM THAT I AM BEGAN TO WEAKEN. COULD SEE THAT THIS WAS THE SUM OF THE EMULSIFIERS, ANTIOXIDANTS, AND ARTIFICIAL COLORS THAT I HAD CONSUMED METHODICALLY AND RELENTLESSLY WHICH COULDN'T HAVE BEEN GOOD FOR A LIVING BEING. I HAD SURPASSED THE NUTRITIONAL TOLERANCE OF THE POOR ORGANISM I AM.

BRURG

AND ONE NIGHT, AFTER TASTING THE THREE VARIETIES OF NAME-BRAND CANNED MUSHES

IT HAPPENED. TERRIBLE RETCHING NAUSEA AND A VISCOUS SWEAT THAT COVERED MY BODY

BRRRGGG

THE TRIP TO THE BATHROOM TOOK A HEINOUS EFFORT WITH EVERYTHING INSIDE STRUGGLING TO ESCAPE.

BRRGGG

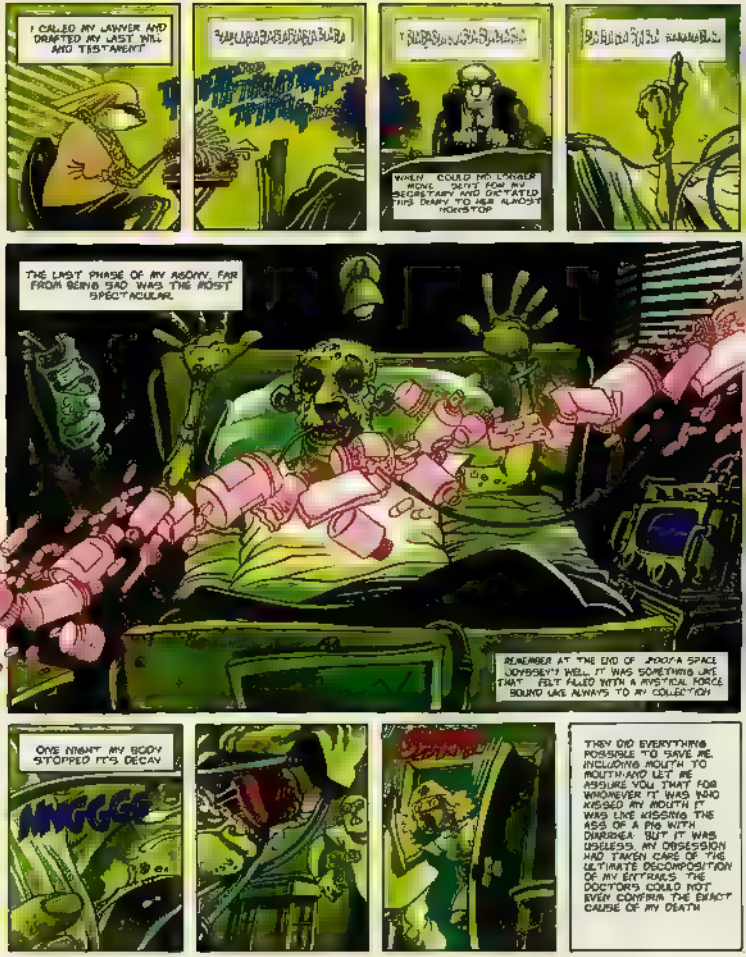
BRURG

THEY HAD TO ADMIT ME TO THE HOSPITAL

I THOUGHT I CHUCKED UP MY COMMUNION

THE DOCTOR DIAGNOSED ME: CANCER OF ALMOST EVERYTHING. THE MIXTURE OF PRODUCTS HAD DESTROYED MY INTERNAL ORGANS. I WAS IN OBSERVATION ON AND OFF OVER SEVERAL MONTHS AND AS I SUBMITTED A SERIES OF NEW SYMPTOMS AND BREAKDOWNS, I MADE A VERY IMPORTANT DECISION. I WOULDN'T RETURN TO COLLECTING FOOD PACKAGING. NOW I WOULD COLLECT MEDICAL PACKAGING.

I HAD A SYRUP THAT PREVENTED MY TEETH FROM FALLING OUT
A POMADE FOR THE BALD PATCHES THAT BLOOMED
CAPILLEX
TABLETS FOR THE TERRIBLE FLATTERATION UNBEARABLE TO HEAR
CAPSULES TO FIX THE ARTERIAL TENSION
MORE PILLS FOR TESTICULAR ATROPHY
DROPS FOR HEMORRHOIDS
A SPRAY FROM THE PURULENT ECZEMA ON MY CALVES
SCEM
A CREAM FOR JOINT ACHES
ARTH


I CALLED MY LAWYER AND DRAFTED MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
WHEN COULD NO LONGER MOVE, DICTATED THIS DIARY TO HER ALMOST NONSTOP
THE LAST PHASE OF MY AGONY, FAR FROM BEING SAD, WAS THE MOST SPECTACULAR
REMEMBER AT THE END OF 2001'S SPACE ODYSSEY? WELL, IT WAS SOMETHING LIKE THAT. FELT FILLED WITH A MYSTICAL FORCE. BOUND LIKE ALWAYS TO MY COLLECTION
ONE NIGHT MY BODY STOPPED ITS DECAY
MNGGGG
THEY DID EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO SAVE ME, INCLUDING MOUTH TO MOUTH. AND LET ME ASSURE YOU, THAT FOR WHOMEVER IT WAS WHO KISSED MY MOUTH IT WAS LIKE KISSING THE ASS OF A PIG WITH DIARRHEA. BUT IT WAS USELESS. MY OBSESSION HAD TAKEN CARE OF THE ULTIMATE DECOMPOSITION OF MY ENTRAILS. THE DOCTORS COULD NOT EVEN CONFIRM THE EXACT CAUSE OF MY DEATH

THEY DECIDED TO PERFORM AN AUTOPSY PERHAPS THEY WANTED TO FIND A NEW BIOLOGICAL WEAPON.

YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THAT I PREFERRED TO LEAVE MY BODY AS IT WAS BEFORE THEY COMMENCED "DISMANTLING" IT. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN VERY PRIVATE ABOUT THOSE KINDS OF THINGS BEFORE I WENT FOREVER TO THE BIG BEYOND I MET A DISTANT RELATIVE WHO SAID SHE WAS A MEDIUM. SINCE I VOWED TO FINISH MY DIARY, THOUGH IT WAS "PARANORMAL DICTATION"

THE FUNERAL WAS ALRIGHT, OR BETTER YET SAD

BUT THEY RESPECTED MY WILL. BURNED IN A BOX THAT I MYSELF DESIGNED

YOU SHOULD SAY THAT MORE WAS A BAD LIFE HATE THE END WAS A LITTLE BLINDED BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO?

THAT'S IT MY BELOVED VISITORS OBSESSIONS CAN DEGENERATE INTO INCURABLE PATHOLOGIES

AS THE REFRAIN GOES. "BETTER IN THE GARBAGE THAN IN THE GRAVE"

AND IF YOU DECIDE LIKE A POOR MR HABERMAS TO COLLECT PACKAGING. DON'T CONSUME ALL THAT THEY CONTAIN THROW THEM OUT!

E.H.

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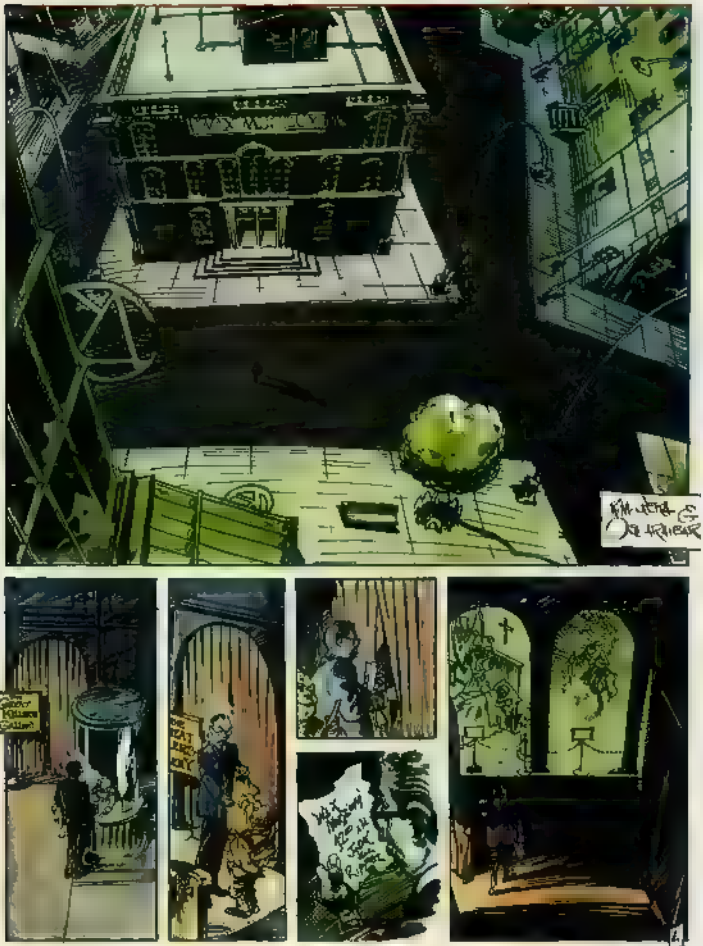
# A Day Like Any Other (Before Breakfast)

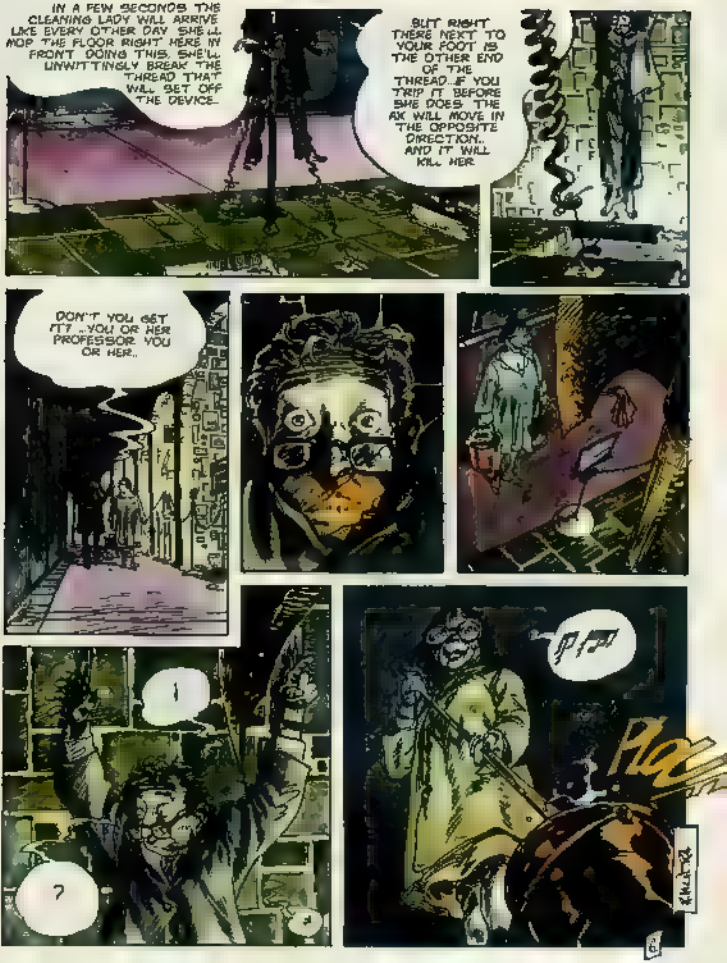


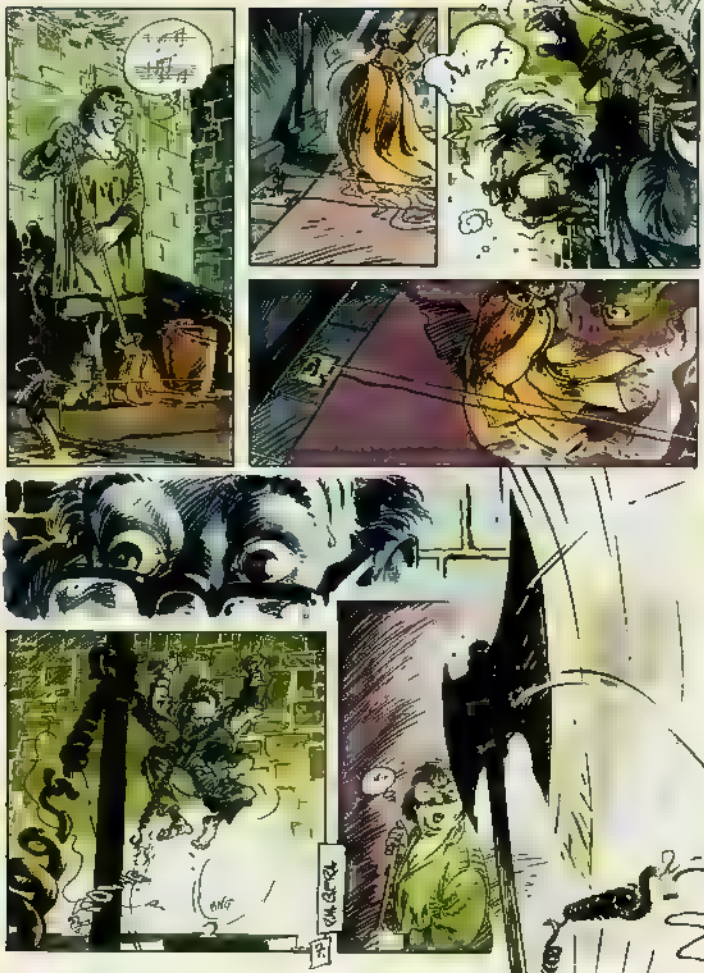
VLAD THE TERRIBLE
AAAH!

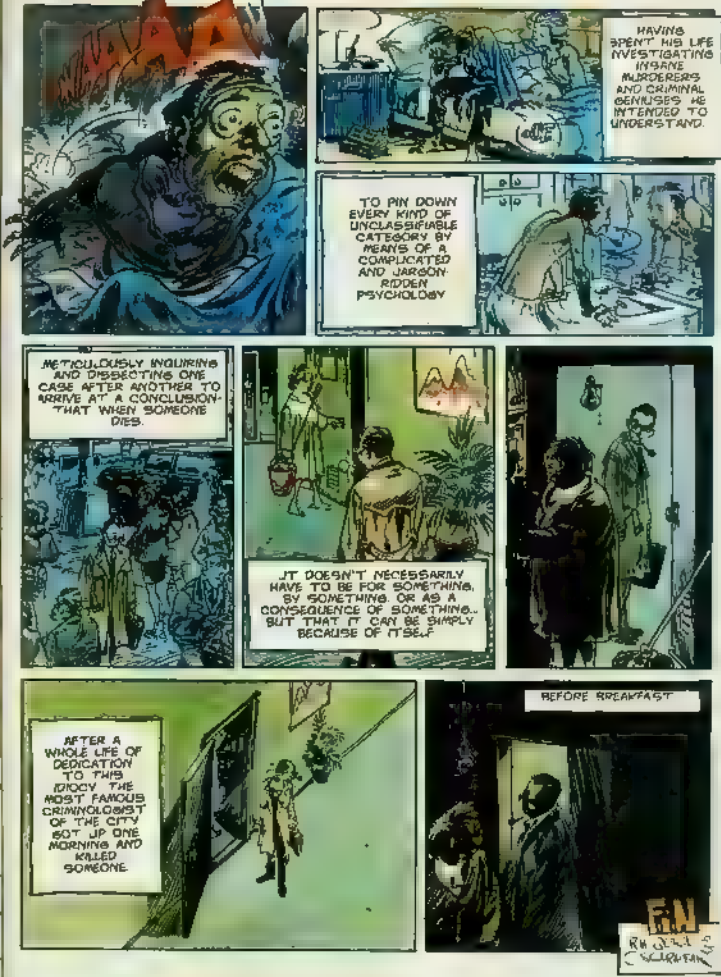
THIS MUST BE IT
Jack the Ripper
GOOD DAY
WHA, WHAT WHERE?
WHA, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

BUT BUT
WAKE UP..COME WAKE UP..
WHE... WHERE AM I?
TORQUEMADA AND THE OLD INQUISITION
I WOULD BE LYING IF I TOLD YOU NOT TO WORRY YOU HAVE REASON TO YOU'RE ABOUT TO DIE..
BU.. BUT WHY ME?

IN A LITTLE WHILE YOU WILL BECOME THE MOST FAMOUS CRIMINOLOGIST IN NEW YORK...AND ALL BECAUSE YOU LISTENED TO STORIES ABOUT GUYS LIKE ME...
AND THE DAY HAS COME FOR YOU TO LISTEN TO ONE MORE ONE MORE STORY ABOUT A UNIQUE MURDER ABOUT A DIFFERENT KIND OF MURDER WELL. THE MOMENT HAS COME..
TO LEAVE BEHIND THOSE ABSURD ARTICLES THAT NOWADAYS DO NOTHING MORE THAN SCANDALIZE OLD LADIES..
THE MOMENT OF UNDERSTANDING HAS COME. UNDERSTANDING THE TRUTH IS AT HAND..
YOU SEE THIS HUGE AX? WELL, WHEN THE MECHANISM IS TRIPPED IT WILL SPLIT YOUR SKULL!
UNLESS.
UNLESS? UNLESS WHAT?


IN A FEW SECONDS THE CLEANING LADY WILL ARRIVE LIKE EVERY OTHER DAY SHE'LL MOP THE FLOOR RIGHT HERE IN FRONT DOING THIS, SHE'LL UNWITTINGLY BREAK THE THREAD THAT WILL SET OFF THE DEVICE..
BUT RIGHT THERE NEXT TO YOUR FOOT IS THE OTHER END OF THE THREAD..IF YOU TRIP IT BEFORE SHE DOES THE AX WILL MOVE IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.. AND IT WILL KILL HER
DON'T YOU GET IT?..YOU OR HER PROFESSOR YOU OR HER..
?
Pla
6




HAVING SPENT HIS LIFE INVESTIGATING INSANE MURDERERS AND CRIMINAL GENIUSES HE INTENDED TO UNDERSTAND.
TO PIN DOWN EVERY KIND OF UNCLASSIFIABLE CATEGORY BY MEANS OF A COMPLICATED AND JARGON-RIDDEN PSYCHOLOGY
METICULOUSLY INQUIRING AND DISSECTING ONE CASE AFTER ANOTHER TO ARRIVE AT A CONCLUSION- THAT WHEN SOMEONE DIES.
IT DOESN'T NECESSARILY HAVE TO BE FOR SOMETHING, BY SOMETHING, OR AS A CONSEQUENCE OF SOMETHING.. BUT THAT IT CAN BE SIMPLY BECAUSE OF ITSELF
AFTER A WHOLE LIFE OF DEDICATION TO THIS IDIOCY THE MOST FAMOUS CRIMINOLOGIST OF THE CITY GOT UP ONE MORNING AND KILLED SOMEONE.
BEFORE BREAKFAST

# The Saga of the Meta-Barons:

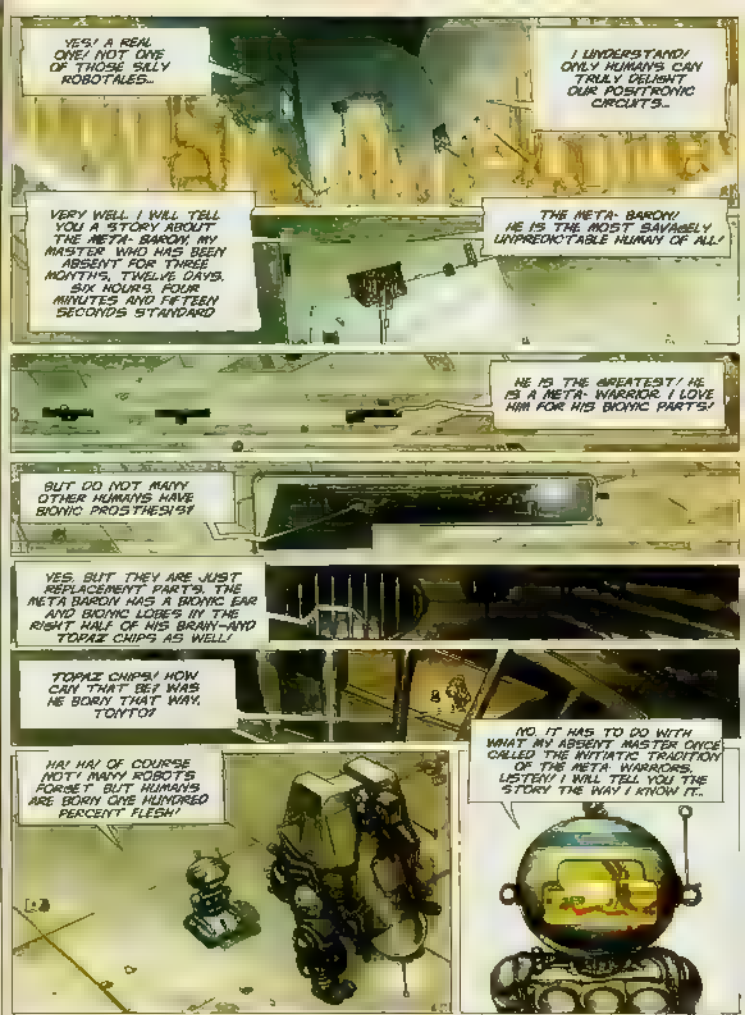
# OTHON THE GREAT

*The character of the invincible Meta-Baron was first introduced in 1982 in Moebius & Jodorowsky's cult classic graphic novel, The Incal (3 volumes, Epic Comics). Moebius explains its genesis, "When Alexandro asked me to visualize this powerful warrior, virtually a super hero, I unconsciously gave him the same features as my grandfather. When I was a child, I was afraid, and more than a little bit in awe, of my grandfather. He was tall and mysterious, because he knew things which I didn't. I thought he never listened to me the way I'd wanted him to. When I drew the Meta-Baron with a bionic ear, I finally gave shape to my childhood's rebellion."*

*Astute readers will recognize that the first fourteen pages of this graphic novel are based on a sequence originally featured in Incal 2, "That Which Is Below", Page 21, and later expanded by Moebius & Jodorowsky as an 8-page story published in the March 1990, issue of Heavy Metal and reprinted in Moebius 1/2- The Early Moebius (Graphitti Designs). It is now reinterpreted in a masterful fashion by Juan Gimenez.*

*Jean-Marc & Randy Lofficier*

BY THE HEART OF THE IMPREGNABLE META-BUNKER, SOMEWHERE IN THE GREAT TEAMING BURIED CITY...
TONTO! PLEASE! TELL ME A STORY!
ANOTHER STORY?


YES! A REAL ONE! NOT ONE OF THOSE SILLY ROBOTALES...
I UNDERSTAND! ONLY HUMANS CAN TRULY DELIGHT OUR POSITRONIC CIRCUITS...
VERY WELL. I WILL TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT THE META-BARON, MY MASTER WHO HAS BEEN ABSENT FOR THREE MONTHS, TWELVE DAYS, SIX HOURS, FOUR MINUTES AND FIFTEEN SECONDS STANDARD
THE META-BARON! HE IS THE MOST SAVAGELY UNPREDICTABLE HUMAN OF ALL!
HE IS THE GREATEST! HE IS A META-WARRIOR. I LOVE HIM FOR HIS BIONIC PARTS!
BUT DO NOT MANY OTHER HUMANS HAVE BIONIC PROSTHESIS?
YES, BUT THEY ARE JUST REPLACEMENT PARTS. THE META BARON HAS A BIONIC EAR AND BIONIC LOBES IN THE RIGHT HALF OF HIS BRAIN-AND TOPAZ CHIPS AS WELL!
TOPAZ CHIPS! HOW CAN THAT BE? WAS HE BORN THAT WAY, TONTO?
HA! HA! OF COURSE NOT! MANY ROBOTS FORGET BUT HUMANS ARE BORN ONE HUNDRED PERCENT FLESH!
NO. IT HAS TO DO WITH WHAT MY ABSENT MASTER ONCE CALLED THE INITIATIC TRADITION OF THE META WARRIORS. LISTEN! I WILL TELL YOU THE STORY THE WAY I KNOW IT..

YOU DO NOT CRY!
AND YOU, FATHER DID YOU CRY DURING YOUR INITIATION?
NO. LIKE YOU, I REMAINED IMPASSIBLE...BUT I COULDN'T PREVENT A TEAR FROM ESCAPING!

THIS IS RIP! INCREDIBLE. YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THE META-BARON'S OWN FATHER DESTROYED HIS SON'S RIGHT EAR AND BRAIN
YES! AND HIS FATHER HAD HIS LEFT HAND CRUSHED BY HIS OWN FATHER BEFORE THAT SUCH IS THE TRADITION OF THE META-WARRIORS SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME.
I DO NOT LIKE THIS STORY TONTO! I WONDER IF I WOULD NOT PREFER A ROBOTALE AFTER ALL...
WAIT! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! IT GETS BETTER!
I HOPE SO! I ALMOST FUSED A CIRCUIT!
IT WAS JUST AFTER THE POST-VANDAL AFFAIR ON THE WESTERN CONTINENT
HE NO LONGER HAD ANY OPPONENT WORTHY OF HIM.
I'M BORED WITH THIS SLAUGHTER! IT'S BECOME TOO EASY!
HIS ONLY CONTACT WITH OTHER HUMANS WERE WAILS OF AGONY AND SCREAMS OF HORROR.
THIS TIME, I'M THROUGH! I'M RETURNING TO THE META-BUNKER.
...AND WILL NEVER LEAVE IT AGAIN!

'DAYS PAST IN THE SILENT LONELINESS OF THE IMPREGNABLE META-BUNKER, WHEN SUDDENLY
NO TONTO. I'LL NEVER HAVE CHILDREN EVER
I UNDERSTAND SIR! NO MORE CRUEL IMITATIONS!
WHAT'S THAT? WHO GOES THERE?
TONTO! QUICK! THE FORCE FIELD!
ALL FIELDS ARE ON, SIR! I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! THIS IS INCOMPREHENSIBLE!

A RAT?
MY SENSORS INDICATE THAT IT IS AN ILLUSION SIR!
...YET THE HOLE IN THE FLOOR IS REAL!
LOOK! THE IMAGE VANISHES!
A SANDWICH! HO-HO! SOMEONE HAS MANAGED TO INFILTRATE THE META-BUNKER!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! NO ONE CAN.
YES! MY SENSORS INDICATE THE INTRUDER IS REAL!
TONTO! IS THIS REAL?
WHO ARE YOU? ANSWER ME OR I'LL SHOOT!

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!
A HUMAN!
"NEVER HAD I SEEN SUCH AN EXPRESSION ON THE MET'A-BARON'S FACE...
A WOMAN!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
I AM ANIMAL!
YES...ANIMAL... I'VE HEARD YOUR NAME BEFORE...
SOMEHOW I FEEL LIKE I'VE KNOWN YOU SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME...
STAY HERE! DON'T ABANDON ME AGAIN!
MY PLACE IS NOT HERE!
I'M POWERFUL. VERY POWERFUL! I CAN TAKE THIS CITY, THIS PLANET, AND GIVE THEM TO YOU! ORDER AND I'LL OBEY YOU!
THEN I'LL ORDER YOU TO TAKE THIS CHILD AND BE HIS PROTECTOR AND HIS TEACHER!
?!

HIS NAME IS SUKWOOON AND HIS HEART IS THAT OF A PERFECT ANDROGYNE. YOU MUST TEACH HIM TO BECOME A META-WARRIOR!
YOU ASK ME TO BE HIS--FATHER?!
NEVER!
"ORDER AND I'LL OBEY YOU!" I HAVE DONE SO!
NO!
I CAN'T!
BUT YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU WERE POWERFUL...
I WANT TO..
...BUT I CANNOT

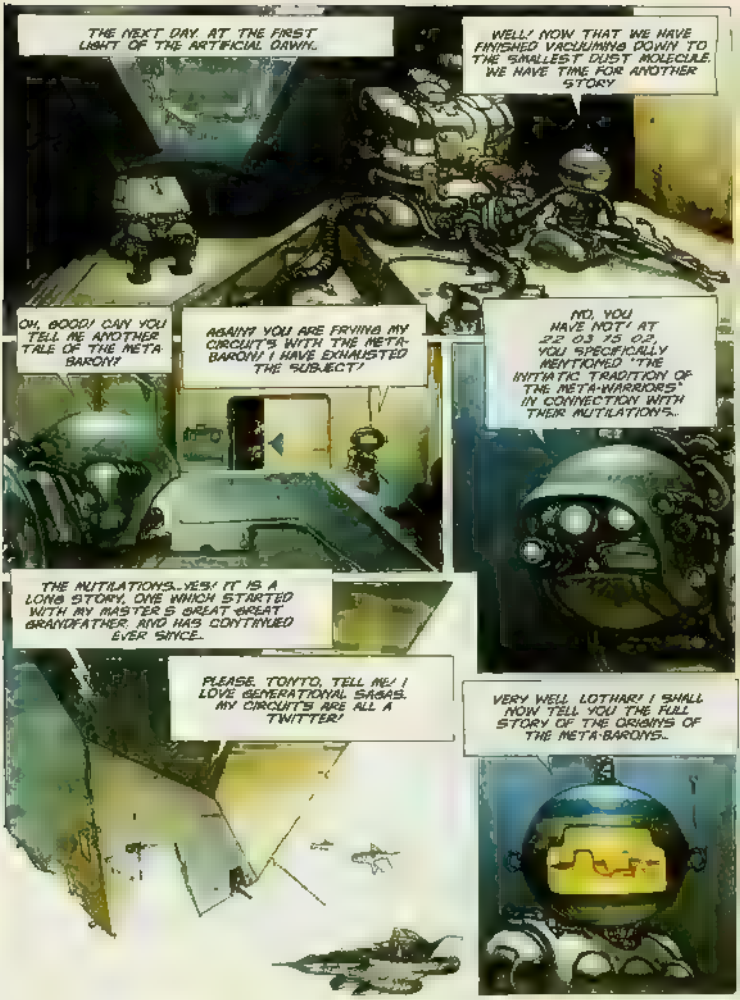
"THE META-BARON WAS UNRECOGNIZABLE! HE, A MERCILESS KILLER, WAS SUDDENLY LIKE A TIMID YOUNG KNIGHT PAYING FOR HIS BELOVED PRINCESS."
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!
WHY META-BARON? WHY!!
ANIMAH, YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE ASKING FROM ME...LISTEN AND I'LL TELL YOU! THE DAY OF MY SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY, MY FATHER ASKED ME TO COME HERE, TO THIS VERY BUNKER FOR THE FINAL TEST IN MY INITIATION.
MY SON, THIS IS THE ULTIMATE TEST WHICH WILL DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT YOU'RE A META-WARRIOR!
IT IS A SIMPLE TEST.
WE WILL FIGHT EITHER YOU WILL KILL ME, OR I WILL KILL YOU!
BUT FATHER...
I'LL COUNT TO THREE BEFORE STRIKING THE FIRST BLOW!
ONE...
..TWO...
FATHER! NO!

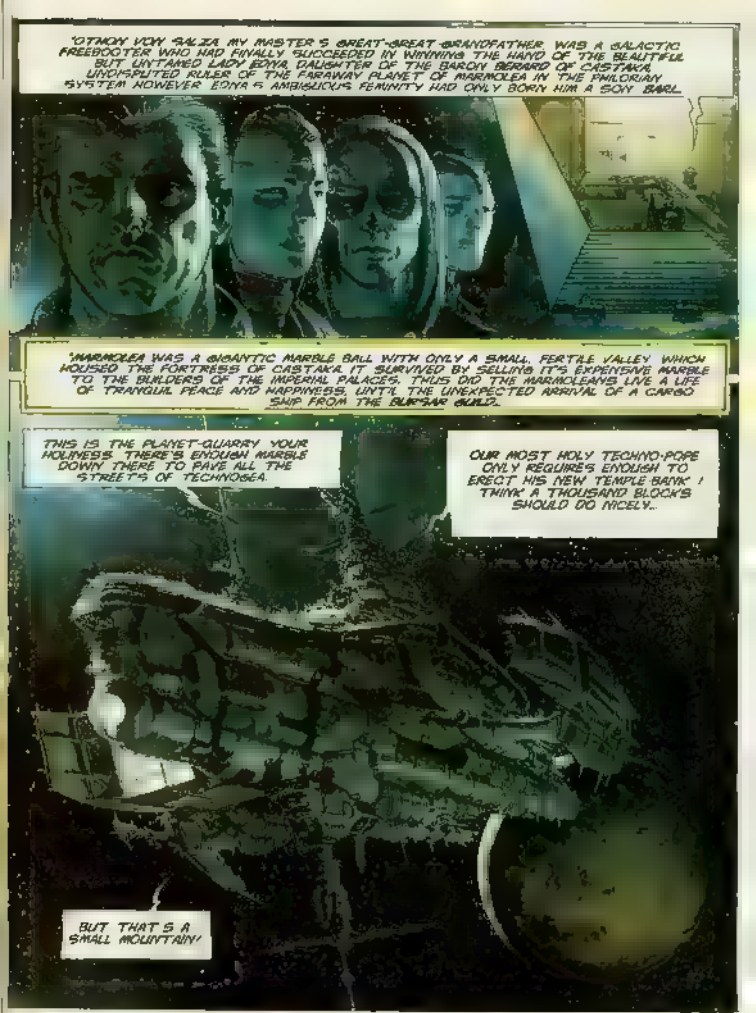
..THREE!
"THE BATTLE LASTED FOR TWO DAYS UNTIL...
"...MY LANCE PIERCED HIS HEART!"
NOW, ANIMAN, YOU UNDERSTAND WHY I CANNOT ACCEPT YOUR CHARGE! IT WOULD BE CONDEMNING THIS CHILD TO DEATH BECAUSE HE COULD NEVER DEFEAT ME!
YOU ARE WRONG, METABARON! HE HAS ALREADY DEFEATED YOU!
PULL OUT YOUR DAGGER!

TRY TO KILL HIM NOW! STAB HIM IN THE HEART!
WHY NOT?
DIE THEN!
"WITHOUT THE LEAST HESITATION, THE GREAT WARRIOR PLUNGED HIS WEAPON INTO THE CHILD'S BREAST!

WHAT!?
IT S..IT'S INCREDIBLE! HE'S UNHARMED AND..
..I HEARD HIM! HE SPOKE TO ME!
GIVE HIM TO ME!
WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE SAID-'TAKE ME AND FEED ME!'
IT WAS HIS COMMAND.. IT WAS HIS WILL!

"SUDDENLY, THE FLOOR SHOOK AND SHE VANISHED AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS SHE HAD CAME!
GONE WITHOUT A TRACE! IT'S A REAL TECHNO-MYSTERY!
I WAS ONCE A SOWER OF DEATH. I SHALL BECOME A GUARDIAN OF LIFE! I WILL AWAIT YOUR RETURN. AHHHH, BECAUSE I KNOW YOU WILL COME BACK!
AND THEN AN EVEN MORE INCREDIBLE THING HAPPENED: THE META-BARON LEFT THE BUNKER TO LOOK FOR...
"...A BOTTLE OF MILK!"
WHAT A CRAZY STORY! I WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND HUMANS!
TONTO! PLEASE! TELL ME ANOTHER STORY!
LATER!


THE NEXT DAY. AT THE FIRST LIGHT OF THE ARTIFICIAL DAWN.
WELL! NOW THAT WE HAVE FINISHED VACUUMING DOWN TO THE SMALLEST DUST MOLECULE. WE HAVE TIME FOR ANOTHER STORY
OH, GOOD! CAN YOU TELL ME ANOTHER TALE OF THE META-BARONS?
AGAIN? YOU ARE FRYING MY CIRCUITS WITH THE META-BARONS! I HAVE EXHAUSTED THE SUBJECT!
NO. YOU HAVE NOT! AT 22:03:15:02, YOU SPECIFICALLY MENTIONED "THE INITIATIC TRADITION OF THE META-WARRIORS" IN CONNECTION WITH THEIR MUTILATIONS..
THE MUTILATIONS..YES! IT IS A LONG STORY, ONE WHICH STARTED WITH MY MASTER'S GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHER, AND HAS CONTINUED EVER SINCE..
PLEASE, TONTO, TELL ME! I LOVE GENERATIONAL SAGAS. MY CIRCUITS ARE ALL A TWITTER!
VERY WELL, LOTHAR! I SHALL NOW TELL YOU THE FULL STORY OF THE ORIGINS OF THE META-BARONS..


'OTMOY VOY 'RALIA MY MASTER'S GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER WAS A GALACTIC FREEBOOTER WHO HAD FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN WINNING THE HAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL BUT UNTAMED LADY EDNA, DAUGHTER OF THE BARON BERARD OF CASTAKA, UNDISPUTED RULER OF THE FARAWAY PLANET OF MARMOLEA IN THE PHILORIAN SYSTEM. HOWEVER EDNA'S AMBIGUOUS FEMINITY HAD ONLY BORN HIM A SON, BARL
'MARMOLEA WAS A GIGANTIC MARBLE BALL WITH ONLY A SMALL, FERTILE VALLEY WHICH HOUSED THE FORTRESS OF CASTAKA. IT SURVIVED BY SELLING IT'S EXPENSIVE MARBLE TO THE BUILDERS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACES. THUS DID THE MARMOLEANS LIVE A LIFE OF TRANQUIL PEACE AND HAPPINESS, UNTIL THE UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL OF A CARGO SHIP FROM THE BLAKSAR GUILD...
THIS IS THE PLANET-QUARRY YOUR HOLINESS. THERE'S ENOUGH MARBLE DOWN THERE TO PAVE ALL THE STREETS OF TECHNOSEA.
OUR MOST HOLY TECHNO-POPE ONLY REQUIRES ENOUGH TO ERECT HIS NEW TEMPLE BANK ! THINK A THOUSAND BLOCKS SHOULD DO NICELY...
BUT THAT'S A SMALL MOUNTAIN!

INDEED, MY LORD BURSAR. I JUST NOTICED THAT OUR SENSORS DISPLAY NO SIGNS OF TECHNOWAVES. ARE THE NATIVES DEVOID OF ANY ROBOTIC ASSISTANCE?
IF SO HOW WILL THEY BE ABLE TO PROCESS OUR ORDER? WITH PIX AND AXES? BY LOADING THE BLOCKS ON THEIR BARE BACKS?
VERY DROLL, YOUR HOLINESS! BUT NO, THEY USE MANUAL HYPERLASERS TO CUT THE STONE. A TRIFLE OBSOLETE, BUT VERY EFFECTIVE IN THEIR SKILLED HANDS...
MAYBE, BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN HOW THEY'LL BE ABLE TO LOAD THE BLOCKS INTO OUR SHIP!
AH! THAT REMAINS THEIR SECRET! AFTER THE CUTTING IS DONE, THEY'LL INVITE US INTO THEIR CITADEL FOR A FEAST OF GRILLED LIZARD AND HOMEMADE QUISKY...
WHEN WE AWAKEN FROM OUR DRUNKEN STUPOR WE'LL FIND THAT ALL THE BLOCKS HAVE BEEN NICELY LOADED INTO OUR CARGO BAY!
INCREDIBLE! AND THERE'S NO WAY TO...
ABSOLUTELY NONE, YOUR HOLINESS! THESE SAVAGES WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH WITH THEIR PREHISTORIC SWORDS TO PRESERVE THEIR SECRET!
AH, THEN, SO BE IT. MY JOB IS TO FETCH MARBLE, NOT SECRETS. BESIDES, I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO A CELEBRATION AFTER TWO WEEKS OF SUBSPATIAL JUMPS, MAY THE DIVINE COMPUTER FORGIVE ME!

...
FOOL.
SKULLS.
HURRY UP! I'M WAITING!
DON'T LISTEN TO HOWEMHOLE, KONRATH! SLOW DOWN!

EDNA USE YOUR USUAL PRECISION!
BARI! BE CAREFUL TO MAKE ONLY CLEAN CUTS!
NO WORDS OF ADVICE FOR YOUR BELOVED SON-IN-LAW BERARD?
TIS GOOD WORK THEY DOEK MY LORD BARON!
YES, HOHEMHOLE, BUT YOU CAN WIPE THAT SMIRK OFF YOUR FACE AND GET BACK TO WORK. WE DON'T WANT TO STILL BE CUTTING THESE THOUSAND BLOCKS A YEAR FROM NOW, DO WE?
THIS IS AMAZING, BARON! A FIFTEEN BY THIRTY FOOT BLOCK OF MARBLE CUT IN LESS THAN AN HOUR! THE TALENT AND COORDINATION OF YOUR MEN IS TRULY INCREDIBLE
MIRACULOUS INDEED! THEIR TEAMWORK IS BEYOND BELIEF!

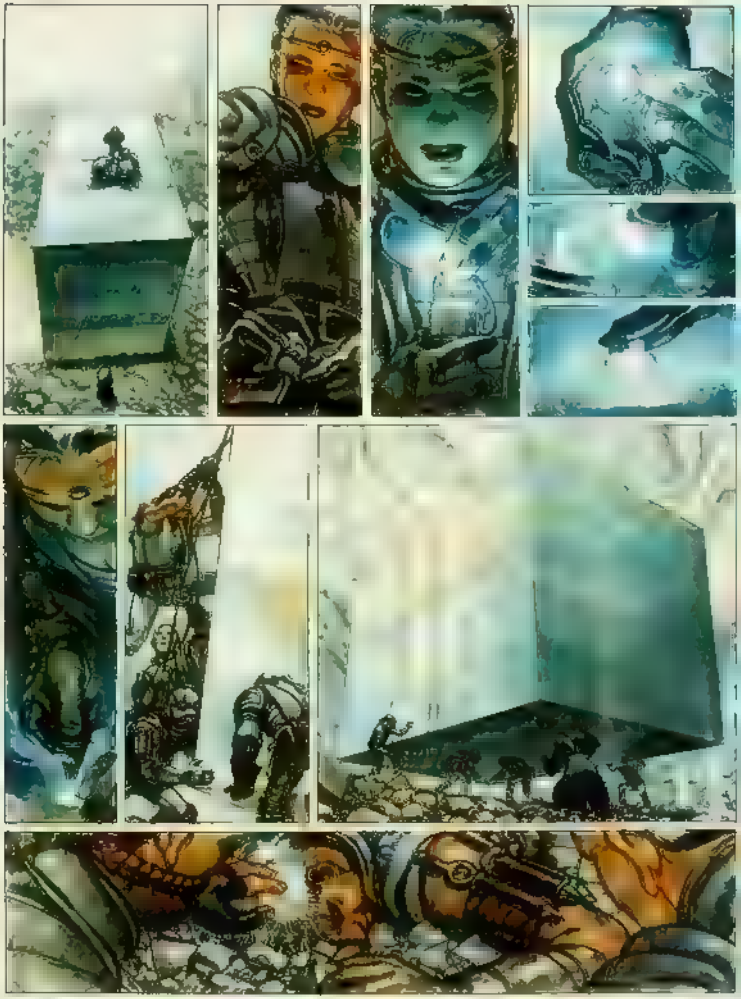
WE'RE JUST AN ORDINARY FAMILY, MY LORDS. THAT'S ALL!
DAMN!
OTHON! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU WAIT BEFORE CUTTING THE BASE! IT'S GOING TO TAKE AT LEAST THREE MORE MINUTES BEFORE...
SORRY, FATHER-IN-LAW, BUT YOU KNOW HOW I HATE PROCRASTINATION! BESIDES, I'M QUITE CAPABLE OF FIGURING MY OWN TIMING!
THE FOOL! I WARNED HIM!
WATCH OUT, OTHON! RUN!!

THE BLOCK'S GONNA CRUSH MY DAD!
HOW HORRIBLE! THAT MAN'S GONNA TO BE CRUSHED LIKE A BUG!
NOW WE SEE WHY ROBOTIC RECONVERSION HAS BEEN ALLOWED TO ELIMINATE ALL MANUAL LABOR. BLESSED BE THE TECHNOSCIENCE!

SEE HOW HELPLESS THEY ARE WITHOUT THE WONDERS OF TECHNOSCIENCE!
YES, YOUR HOLINESS!
DAMN! DAD'S STUCK IN A CREVICE RIGHT UNDER THAT BLOCK!
WE'LL HAVE TO CUT IT APART TO FREE HIM!
YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT'D BE USELESS. YOUR HUSBAND, IF HE'S STILL ALIVE WOULD RUN OUT OF AIR LONG BEFORE WE COULD GET TO HIM!
WE'VE GOT TO SAVE DAD! LET'S USE THE HOLY OIL!
SILENCE, FOOLISH BOY! WE ARE NOT ALONE!

I'VE RAISED YOU IN THE WAYS OF THE WARRIOR BARI! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KNOW NEITHER FEAR NOR COMPASSION! YOUR FATHER'S DEATH IS A SACRIFICE!
IF WE RESCUE HIM, THE EMPIRE WILL DISCOVER THAT WHICH WE'VE KEPT SECRET FOR GENERATIONS, AND GALACTIC PEACE WILL END OVERNIGHT!
YES, OF COURSE, GRANDFATHER! YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M SORRY. MY FATHER WILL HAVE DIED A HERO!
NO! NEVER!! OTHON WILL LIVE!
LOVE IS BLINDING YOU, DAUGHTER!
AND YOU ARE BLINDED BY YOUR OWN HATRED! YOU NEVER ACCEPTED OTHON BECAUSE HE WAS NOT OF NOBLE BIRTH.
...BUT ACCIDENTS HAPPEN FOR A PURPOSE! BY PRESERVING YOUR VAUNTED SECRET YOU'VE KEPT PROGRESS AT BAY. MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR THE GALAXY TO BREAK FREE OF ITS ANTI-6 TECHNOLOGY AND ENTER A NEW ERA. WE'RE READY!

WELL SPOKEN, EDNA, BUT TIME GROWS SCARCE! I VOTE FOR LIFE!
SO DO I! TO HELL WITH THE SECRET!
YOU HAVE BEEN OVERRULED, FATHER!
YOU WILL REGRET THIS!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S RESCUE DAD!
I'D GIVE A TON OF LUPIUM TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON...
WHAT CAN THEY DO? THE MAN MUST BE HALF-DEAD ALREADY!



DID YOU SEE IT, YOUR HOLINESS?
I DID, BURSAR! IT'S THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE CENTURY!
YOU DAMN FOOL! WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME DIE? NOW OUR PEACEFUL EXISTENCE IS OVER!
MY SON-IN-LAW AT LAST PROVES WORTHY OF OUR LINE!
...UNLESS WE KILL ALL THE OUT WORLDERS TO PROTECT THE SECRET!
NO! YOU MUST STOP THINKING LIKE THE PIRATE YOU ONCE WERE OTHON! AFTER I DIE, YOU'LL BE BARON OF CASTAKA IN MY STEAD AND THE OATH OF FEALTY WE SWORE TO THE EMPIRE CAN'T BE BROKEN!
BUT...
ENOUGH! LET'S GIVE THEM THEIR MARBLE. THEN WE MUST PREPARE TO FACE THE COMING STORMS WITH HONOR!

A SINGLE DROP OF THEIR OIL CAN LIFT TONS. THE EMPIRE MUST OBTAIN TOTAL CONTROL OF THIS SUBSTANCE
THE NEWS ALONE IS WORTH MILLIONS OF GOLD KUBLARS, YOUR HOLINESS!
"THUS, WHEN THE CARGO SHIP LEFT MARMOLEA, IT SET COURSE TOWARDS THE PLANET OF GOLD, SEAT OF ALL THE GREAT POWERS OF THE GALACTIC EMPIRE..
MEANWHILE, BARON BERARD OF CASTAWA, HIS HEART FILLED WITH GLOOM, GATHERED HIS FAMILY INSIDE HIS CITADEL'S ARMORY...
WAIT 01 03 SECONDS. TONITO! I JUST BLEW MY ELECTRO-EMOTRON CHIP AND I MUST ALLOW TIME FOR MY SYSTEMS TO REPAIR THEMSELVES!
VERY WELL... AS I SAID, IN THE GREAT ARMORY...

"...WHERE THE USE OF MODERN WEAPONS WAS PROHIBITED, WHILE ANTIQUE ONES FROM TERRA PRIMA WERE REVERED. AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF MEDITATION...
"...THE BARON ATTACKED OTHON WITH A SHORT DAGGER HIS WEAPON OF CHOICE...
GRANDFATHER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HE MUST'VE GONE MAD! WATCH OUT OTHON! HE'S TRYING TO KILL YOU!
DON'T INTERFERE, BARI! IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN! LET THE BEST MAN WIN!
JODOROWSKY
DRUMENEZ

DEAD!
YOU'RE THE BETTER MAN BERARD!

I LET YOU STAB ME IN THE SHOULDER ON PURPOSE! I SUFFERED A FLESH WOUND IN ORDER TO GAIN FINAL VICTORY!
YOU'RE THE BEST STUDENT I EVER HAD, OTHON. YOU'RE BETTER THAN I IN EVERY RESPECT BUT ONE. YOU ALWAYS BELIEVE YOU CAN WIN WITHOUT SACRIFICE. THE GIFT OF SELF IS UNKNOWN TO YOU. YET IT IS BY LEARNING HOW TO LOSE THAT ONE EVENTUALLY WINS!
WHEN I SAW YOU EMERGE FROM UNDER THAT BLOCK, ANGRY AT THE THOUGHT THAT WE'D RISKED ALL TO SAVE YOU, I TOO FINALLY SAW THAT MY DAUGHTER HADN'T ERRED WHEN SHE CHOSE YOU TO BE HER MATE. YOU ARE A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.
OTHON VON SALZA, ARE YOU READY TO SACRIFICE YOURSELF AGAIN TO GAIN ALL MY KNOWLEDGE?
FINALLY I SEE, MASTER.
YES, FATHER!
GOOD! DO YOU SEE THE BIRD-SHAPED BIRTHMARK? ALL CASTAKIAN LORDS BEAR IT. IT WILL BE YOURS WHEN YOU ASSUME YOUR INHERITANCE!

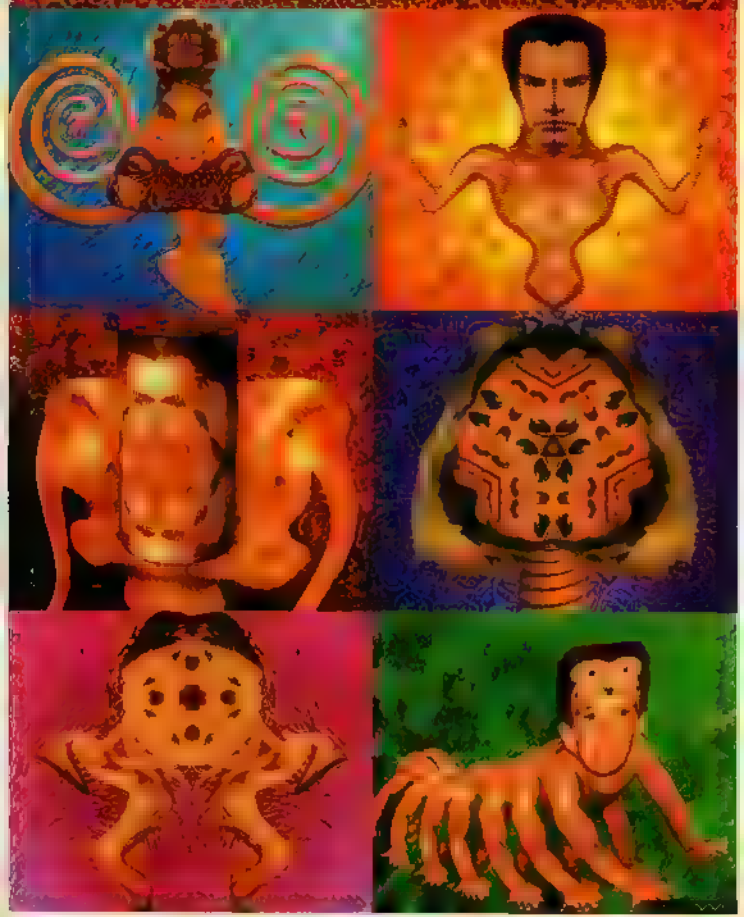
NOW LOOK DEEPLY INTO MY EYES, AND LET THE TRANSFER PROCESS BEGIN!

THE MIND TRANSFER IS NOW COMPLETE!
I'VE BECOME PART OF YOU, OTHON, SO THAT YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CARRY ON OUR PROUD TRADITION. IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GO.
NO! FATHER!
ENOUGH, EONA! DON'T LET UNWORTHY EMOTIONS CLOUD YOUR WARRIOR SPIRIT!
MY LIFE ENDS NOW. CHARGES THAT I DO NOT WISH TO SEE WILL COME CARRION FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EMPIRE WILL INVADE OUR BEAUTIFUL PLANET TO STEAL IT'S BEAUTIFUL BLOOD..
THEY'LL USE OUR SACRED OIL TO FURTHER THEIR CONQUEST'S AND PLUNDERINS. I REFUSE TO BEAR WITNESS TO THAT!
WHEN MY HEART STOPS BEATING, BURY MY BODY IN THE GREAT AZURE OCEAN!

"StripTease"
SPICE UP YOUR MARRIAGE
SCRAPE...
SCRAPE...
SCRAPE...

JUST A THOUGHT...
episode 126
I THINK IT MIGHT BE KINDA FUN TO TAKE OLD FLUFFY THERE & ROLL HER UP IN A TOWEL LIKE A BIG SAUSAGE.
©DAVE COOPER '95
P.M. FLUFFY? WOULD YOU LIKE THAT??
...GOOD FLUFFY!!.
I COULD TAKE MY TAPEGUN—THE ONE I USE FOR BIG PACKAGES—& SEAL HER UP IN THE TOWEL. GOOD & TIGHT...
KINDA LIKE THAT GUY IN THE MOVIE FREAKS WHO COULD LIGHT A SMOKE WITH JUST HIS MOUTH & HIS TONGUE
I COULD PUT HER IN THE BEDROOM & WAIT TO SEE HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE FOR HER TO SLITHER ALL THE WAY TO HER FOOD BOWL IN THE KITCHEN.
SHE MIGHT EVEN GET TO LIKE IT-- YOU KNOW, SLITHERING AROUND LIKE THAT.
OF COURSE IT MIGHT DRIVE HER NUTS TOO
I'LL HAVE TO KEEP THAT IN MIND
END

# young media icons naked & mutated by radiation!



SECRET SUPER TEAM
HISTORIC MEETING IS TAKING PLACE
INDEPENDENTS ON HIS HEAD MAN
YOU'LL HAVE TO ISSUE A PARDON OF COURSE)
RANDA, THAT'S AN INCREDIBLY STUPID IDEA AND YOU'RE FIRED!!
YES SIR

Mack White presents Those Little Rapscallions
BUDDHA AND HIS BUDDIES IN
"TEACHER, TEACHER, I DECLARE - I SEE THROUGH YOUR UNDERWEAR!"
ONE MORNING IN THE SCHOOLYARD, BUDDHA, THE KID FROM BEYOND-, SHOWS OFF HIS LATEST INVENTION
IT TURNS FABRIC INVISIBLE!
LATER
NOW CLASS, TURN TO PAGE 234
WATCH THIS!
SNICKER
ZAP!
HEMPSEED WOULD YA COME UP HERE AND WORK THIS KID?
!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
LATER
THAT WAS FUN! MAYBE WE TRY IT ON NEXT
AW, SELLER!
WHAT DO I SAY?
JUST SAW INTO THE FUTURE AND MISS CRABBS IS GONNA GET FIRED UNLESS WE DO SOME THING.
SHE'S UP BEFORE THE SCHOOL BOARD RIGHT NOW!
OOOH I FEEL BAD NOW! I OUGHT'A TRASH THIS DEVICE!
DON'T THROW IT YET I HAVE A PLAN!
MISS CRABBS
A LONELY STORY, MISS CRABBS I'M AFRAID THIS BOARD HAS NO INTEREST IN ART!
ZAP!
SIGH
THEN AS I SUSPECTED! THOSE LITTLE RASCALLIONS!
THE END

PROFESSOR PAP
nearly dies from laughter!!
BY MICHAEL AUSTIN ©1982
PROF. PAP BARES SOROS ON PRIVATE HABITATE
"OH, FILBERT, I'M SO TIRED OF GOING THROUGH THE MEAT MARKET. I WANT A GUY WHO WILL REJECT ME FOR WHO I AM! SOMEONE WHO WON'T MISTREAT ME! WHO WILL BE THERE FOR ME EVEN THE MORNING AFTER! SOMEONE WHO'S CARING, FUNNY, INTELLIGENT, SENSITIVE! SOMEONE WHO UNDERSTANDS! DO YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?"
YES, TODAY'S UNDERSTOOD
EXCUSE ME, MY NOSE IS SHINY. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
OF COURSE! REMEMBER, I'M HERE FOR YOU!
AH, THE FOOLS OF SATIRE ONCE AGAIN, I PROVIDE A RECIPE FOR ROMANCE: A DASH OF CHARM, A SPRINKLE OF WIT, AND JUST A PINCH OF IMPUDENCE
FINALLY!
PROFESSOR PAP'S ROMANCE RECIPE
MINUTES LATER, IN THE MEN'S ROOM...
BATHROOM
HA HA HA


# X-RATED SPECS

Your hand is your friend.

[illegible] you up. Imagine—you put on the Specs and hold your hand in front of you. You seem to be able to see naked body flesh underneath. Loads your bone at parties.

No. FL7 ..... $1.00

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# IN A PLACE OF THE MIND

# ZONE F

90
YOU HAVE AN ANSWER FOR EVERY TIP IN THE DOLLS BOOK AND YOU COME UP WITHOUT WHOOPING
BUT LOOK AT THE VS BEAM TRAPPED BY 4 BEAM CIRCLES TO PREVENT ANYONE FROM ENTERING. A BREAKOUT FIELD IS NOT POSSIBLE

WHAT A CRASH! A FINE PHOTON PROPULSION SHIP NOW A PILE OF JUNK
CAT! YOU'RE ALIVE!
YOU, YOU YOUR DOLLS! I TOLD YOU TO REPAIR THE ANTIMAGNETIC SENSORS
DAMN IT A MAGNET A STUPID PLANET WITH AN IRRELEVANT ORBIT NOT CHARTED IN ANY ASTROMAP
AND AN ATMOSPHERIC COMPOSITION CLOSE TO ANY WHAT SUSTAINS A BREATHER
WE'RE ALIVE NOT
OF THAT YOU'RE
WE START TO DIE WHEN WE'RE BORN LIFE IS EQUAL TO DEATH
PABLO GOMEZ
WHAT KIND OF LIFE MUST EXIST UNDER THIS HEAP OF METAL?
IN THIS DESERTED THE ONLY THINGS THAT ARE ALIVE ARE YOU AND
LOOK AT THAT JUNK!

A PRESENT A GIFT FROM GOD
A MINUTE YOU'VE NEVER BELIEVED IN ANY THING SMART ALEC ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THIS SHIP IS INVITING
A SCROTAB SHIP WITHOUT ANY INVOCATION OF THE SLIGHTEST APPRECIATION OF A JEWEL
WELL, IT'S SPLIT, CAN'T BREATHE TOO WELL ON THIS ROCK PILE
YES BUT I HOLD THE INVITATIONS AND WITH THOSE LITTLE STEPS MANY KNOW WHERE YOU'RE FROM WITH THOSE RAGGED UP CLOTHES AND THOSE LONG SLIMY SEAWEEDS YOU'RE SUCH OLD TIMERS
IMX 85
WHAT LITTLE CLASS YOU SEEM LIKE PICKERS
BRIEFLY THE SHIP BEFORE YOU WAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED OF THE REMAINS OF OTHER SHIPS THAT HAVE CRASHED ON THIS PLANET IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT OF HERE. OTHERS RACE IT

BUT GET YOURSELVES READY BECAUSE WE ARE NOT ALONE.
AROUND THIS JUNK HEAP WALKS A REPUGNANT CHILD THAT IS DEDICATED TO PULVERIZING EVERYTHING IN IT'S PATH
C-2
AND BEFORE GO HERE'S SOME ADVICE. RETURN THE SATIN SILK JACKET-CLOTHES FOR SHORT SLEEVES AND LACE STRIPS SCALLOPED EMBROIDERY IS SUITABLE FOR EVENING AS WELL AS COTTON TOPS IN TOBACCO AND GOLD TONES THAT MATCH VERY WELL.
THIS NOTE CAT IS SOMETHING SERIOUS
41m
USTIA COULD YOU GIVE ME THE VOLUMETRIC COMPOSITION OF THIS ATMOSPHERE, IT'S WHAT WE'RE BREATHING
DEVIL! WHAT'S HAPPENING!!
ABRRAM
THE MONSTER! IT'S FALLEN ON THAT MODERN SHIP!

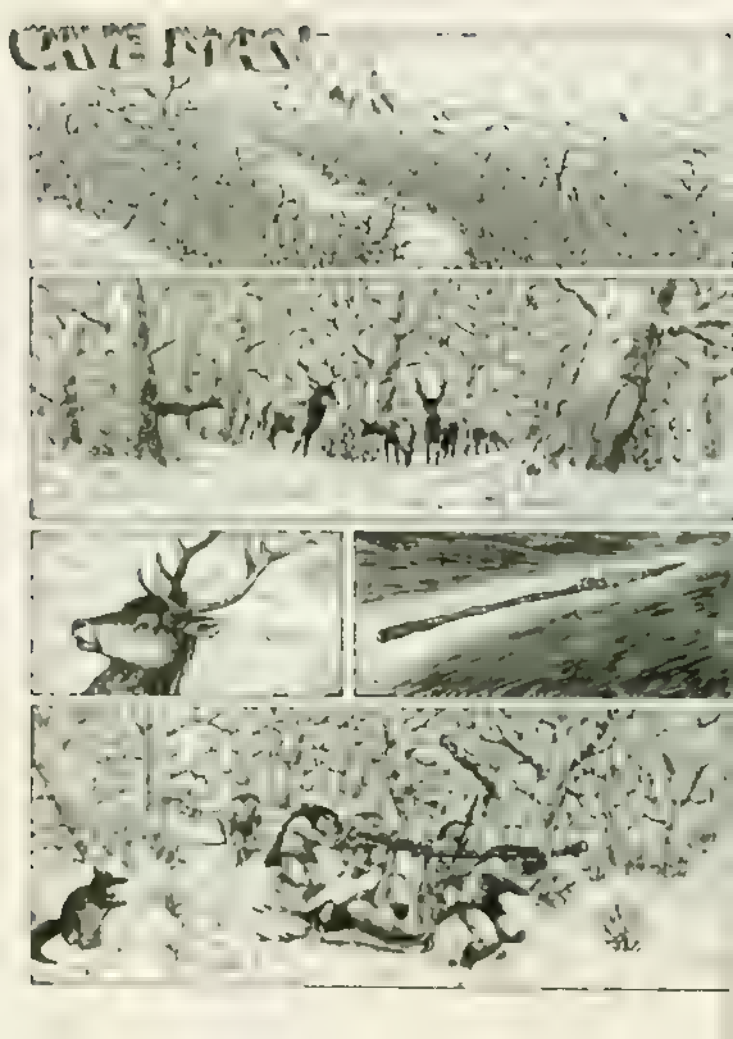
LOATHSOME CREATURES! IT WAS PULVERIZED THE SCHOOTAR! WHAT A RACKET!
AND NOW I'M RESTING BETWEEN THE SKIES
LOOK! WHAT I'VE FOUND! A NEUTRAL INERTIA. THIS CAN DRAG ALONG THE UNIVERSE WITHOUT EMITTING A WHISPER.
IT WORKS! HUMO I JUST FOUND A NEUTRAL INERTIAL SEASONAL WINDOW
SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A FUCHSIA COLORED SH # SOMETHING APPROPRIATE FOR THE END OF THE SEASON!
OK QUICK I'LL GO LOOK FOR MATERIALS
THIS APPARATUS HAS SUFFERED DAMAGE ONLY IN NON VITAL ZONES. LET'S WORK ON HER BY ASSEMBLING THE NECESSARY ELEMENTS THERE'S AN ARSENAL OF TOOLS AT OUR DISPOSAL
LET'S HURRY! I DON'T LIKE WHAT I'M BREATHING
WE'RE DONE. A FEW DAYS WE CAN SPLIT. LISTEN DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU SHOULD BE SO THANKFUL FOR?
PERHAPS THAT GUY WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE UNIFORMS. A SACK OF DRESSMAKING LIKE JULES VERNE'S DIVERS

LISTEN CAT, WHEN FIRST BATTERIS THE IMPERIAL OF THE SPECIAL TROOPS IN THIS UNIFORM MY CO-WORKERS WERE ECSTATIC! THEY CALLED ME THE VENUS OF THE CO-OP
WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO PUT UP WITH THAT NO SMOUTHING YOU MIGHT WAKE UP THE OCTOPUS VENUS OF DAWN
THE WORK'S DONE AND NOW WHAT FOOLISH NEWS ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?
IT'S THE SAME THING HUBO I AM THANKFUL THAT BLUE YOU USED IS SO STRONG AND THAT YOU KNOW IT WON'T WORK FOR ANY THING ELSE
SOME DAY ALL THE SHIPS WILL START CARRYING BLUE REMEMBER THAT
BRAMMM
COX DEMNATION! IT'S THROWN ITSELF OVER US!!
THIS IS THE END VENUS!
AT'S STOPPED! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
WE'VE GOT TO, YOU MEAN

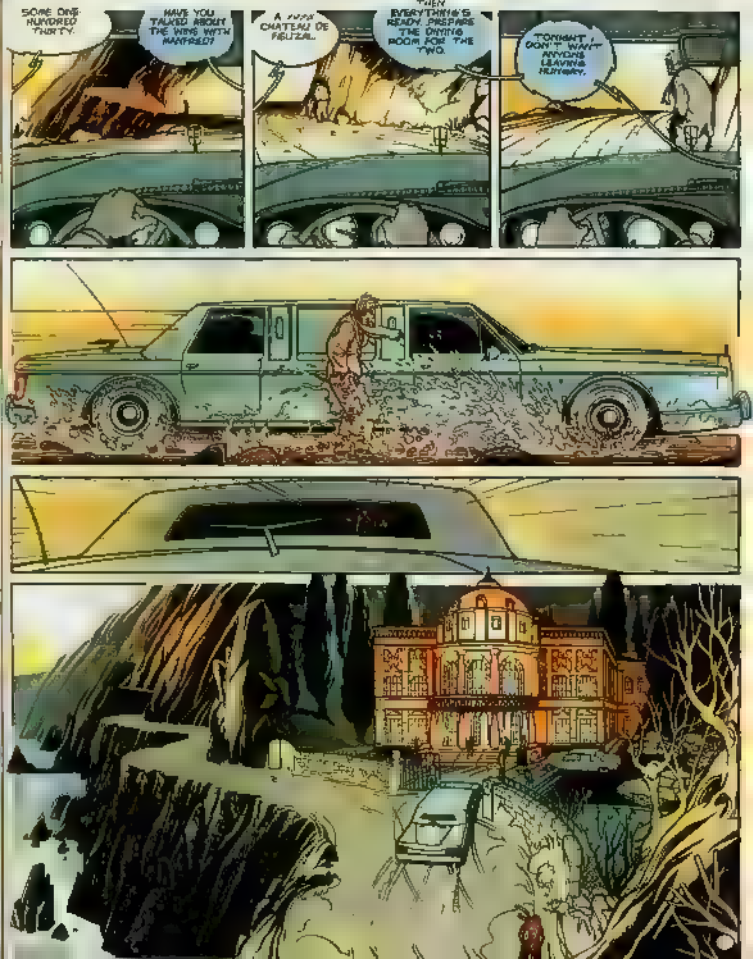
STUPID CAT! I'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD YOUR INSUPPORTABLE SENSE OF HUMOR!
55W
BU- BUT HUGO!
HUGO! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? YOU CAN'T ABANDON ME!!
NOW YOU HAVE THE CHANCE TO BUILD A SHIP TO SUIT YOUR TASTE!
IT'S NOT RIGHT TO LEAVE ME HERE! BUT YOU'RE NOT SO MAD VERY FAR

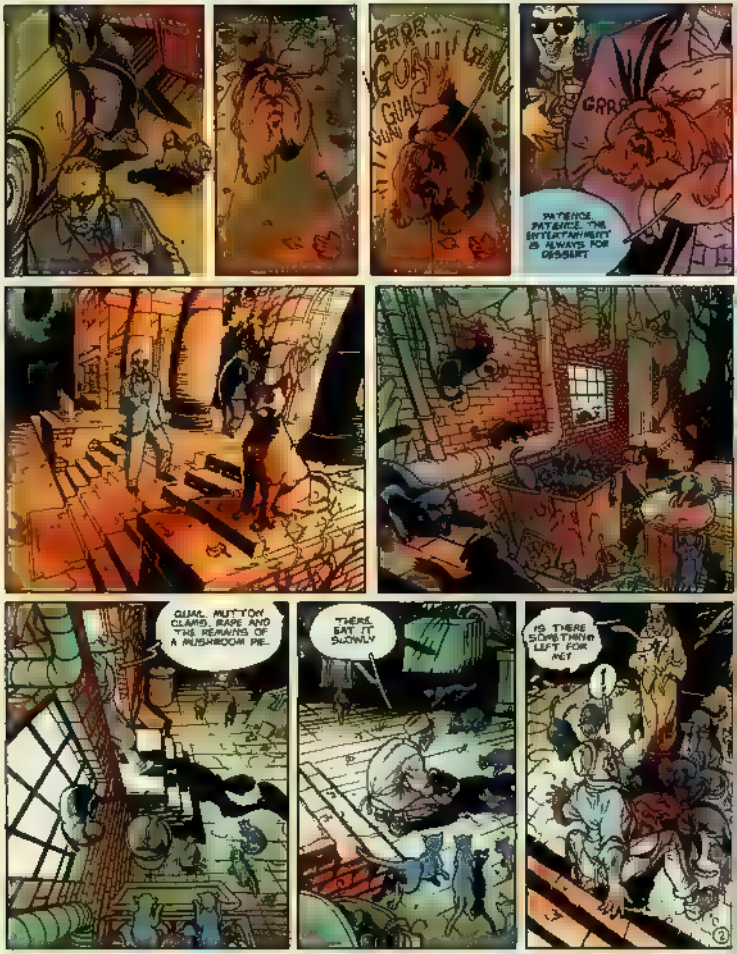
STUPID CAT. I CAN'T DEAL WITH YOUR IRONIES...AND LIKE THE OLD SAYING GOES, IT'S BETTER TO GO ALONE THAN IN BAD COMPANY.

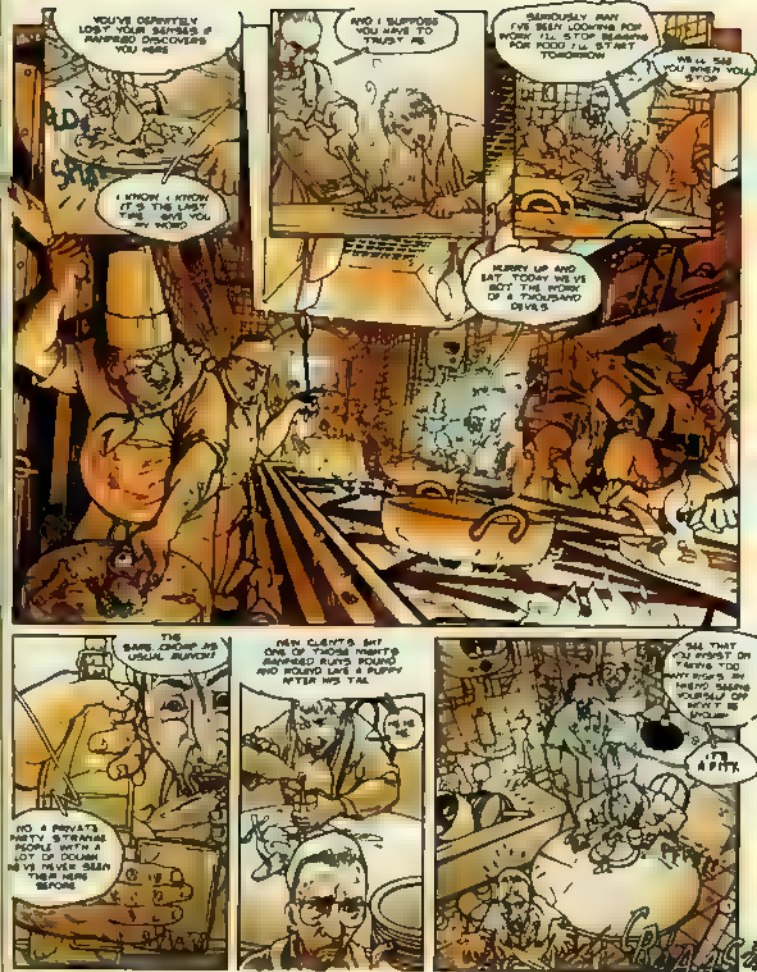
YES. NOW I CAN BREATHE BETTER.
fin



# VERSUS BON APPETITE


SOME ONE HUNDRED THIRTY.
HAVE YOU TALKED ABOUT THE WAYS WITH MANFRED?
A 1939 CHATEAU DE FIEUZAL.
THEN EVERYTHING'S READY. PREPARE THE DINING ROOM FOR THE TWO.
TONIGHT I DON'T WANT ANYONE LEAVING HUNGRY.

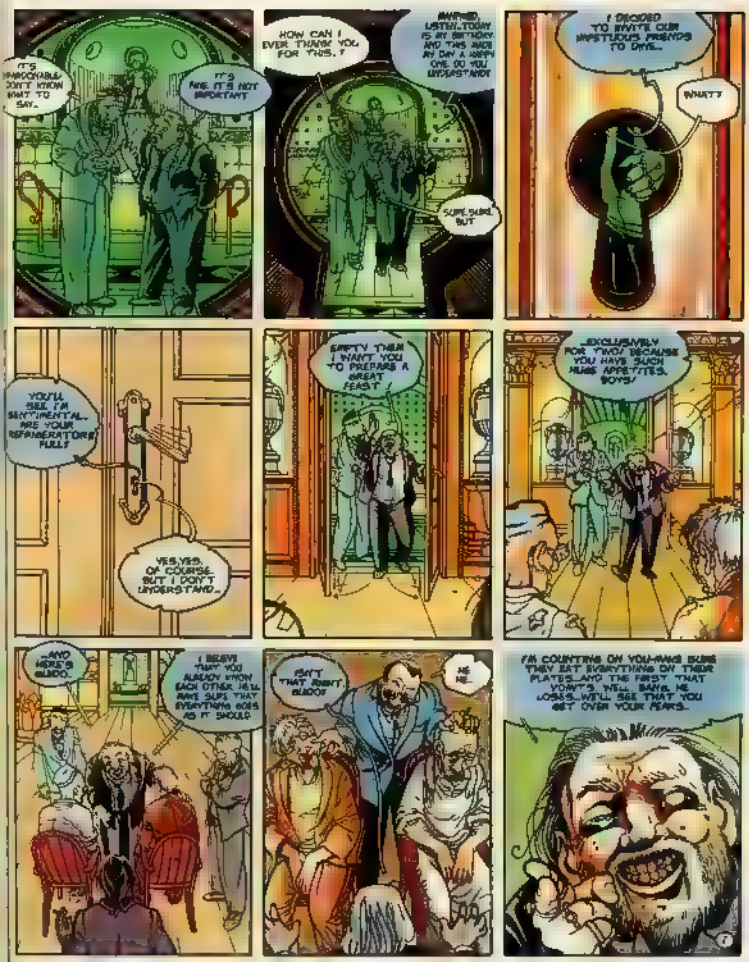

GRRR...
GUAH
GRRR
PATIENCE. PATIENCE. THE ENTERTAINMENT IS ALWAYS FOR DESSERT
GUAH.. MUTTON CLAMS, BARE AND THE REMAINS OF A MUSHROOM PIE..
THERE. EAT IT SLOWLY
IS THERE SOMETHING LEFT FOR ME?
!
2


YOU'VE DEFINITELY LOST YOUR SENSES IF RAMPAGO DISCOVERS YOU HERE
I KNOW, I KNOW IT'S THE LAST TIME... GIVE YOU MY WORD
AND I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME
SERIOUSLY MAN I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR WORK I'LL STOP BEGGING FOR FOOD I'LL START TOMORROW
WE'LL SEE YOU WHEN YOU'LL STOP
HURRY UP AND EAT. TODAY WE'VE GOT THE WORK OF A THOUSAND DEVILS
THE SAME GROUP AS USUAL RUMOR?
NO A PRIVATE PARTY STRANGE PEOPLE WITH A LOT OF DOUGH NEVER SEEN THEM HERE BEFORE
MEN CLIENTS BUT ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS RAMPAGO RUNS ROUND AND ROUND LIKE A PUPPY AFTER HIS TAIL
SEE THAT YOU INSIST ON TAKING TOO MANY RISKS IN HERO! SEEING YOURSELF OFF WITH RE VIOLENT
IT'S A PITY.

I PROMISED THAT I'D RESORT TO DRASTIC MEASURES IF EVER SAW YOU HERE AGAIN. YOU LEAVE ME NO ALTERNATIVE.
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. I'M GONE.
HELLO? GIVE ME THE POLICE, MADAM.
SHIT. DON'T YOU JUST HEAR ME?
DAMN THIS TELEPHONE!
CHEE!
FUCKING SON OF A BITCH!
AAAAAH GOD!
AAAAH!
YO, THE DRIVING SCHOOL CORE. OH, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
STA
STA
STA
STOP THAT MAN!
BLAM!
BLAM!

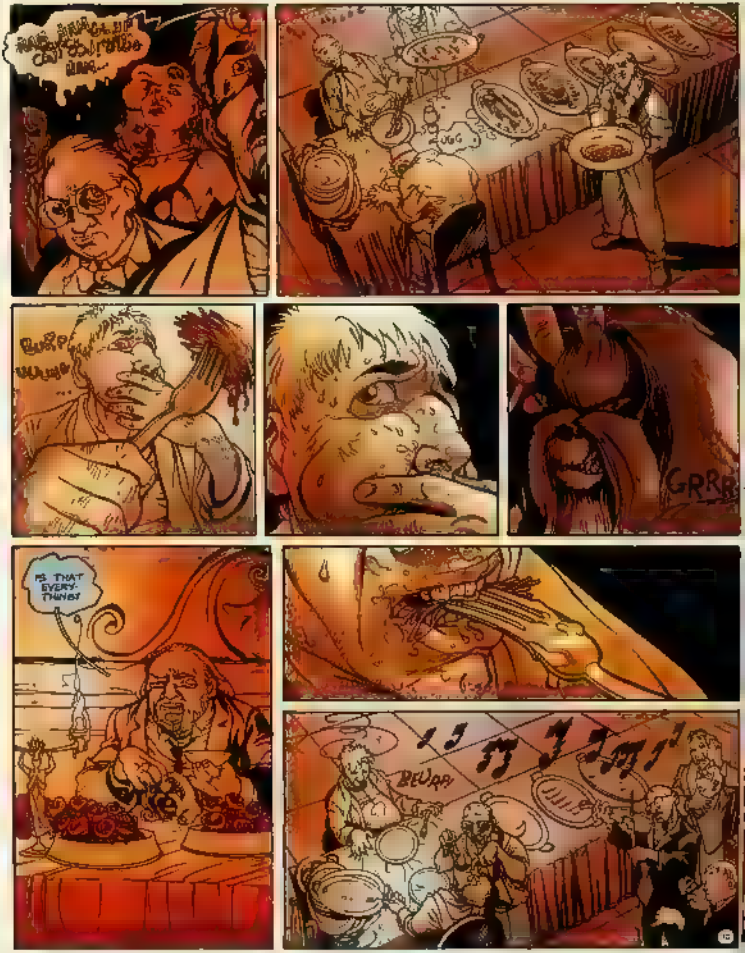
NO...NOT YET...NO.
THUMP

CLANG!
CLANG!
AMAZING AMAZING.
DON'T GO. I'VE BEEN THINKING OF YOU

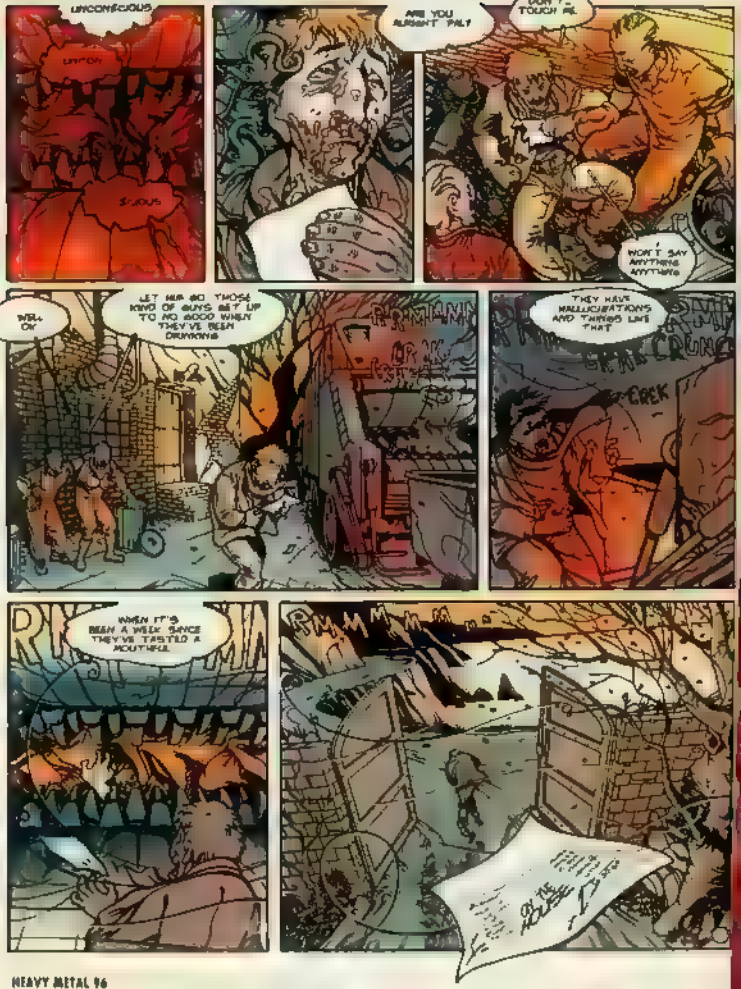

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY..
IT'S FINE. IT'S NOT IMPORTANT
HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR THIS..?
MARCHE, LISTEN..TODAY IS MY BIRTHDAY AND THIS WAS MY DAY. A HAPPY ONE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
SURE..SURE, BUT
I DECIDED TO INVITE OUR IMPETUOUS FRIENDS TO DINE..
WHAT?
YOU'LL SEE I'M SENTIMENTAL.. ARE YOUR REFRIGERATORS FULL?
YES,YES. OF COURSE, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND..
EMPTY THEM. I WANT YOU TO PREPARE A GREAT FEAST!
..EXCLUSIVELY FOR TWO! BECAUSE YOU HAVE SUCH HUGE APPETITES, BOYS!
..AND HERE'S BLOOD.
I BELIEVE THAT YOU ALREADY KNOW EACH OTHER. HE'LL MAKE SURE THAT EVERYTHING GOES AS IT SHOULD
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, BLOOD?
HE HE
I'M COUNTING ON YOU..AND SURE THEY EAT EVERYTHING ON THEIR PLATES..AND THE FIRST THAT WON'T, WELL, BAH, HE LOSES..WILL SEE THAT YOU GET OVER YOUR FEARS..

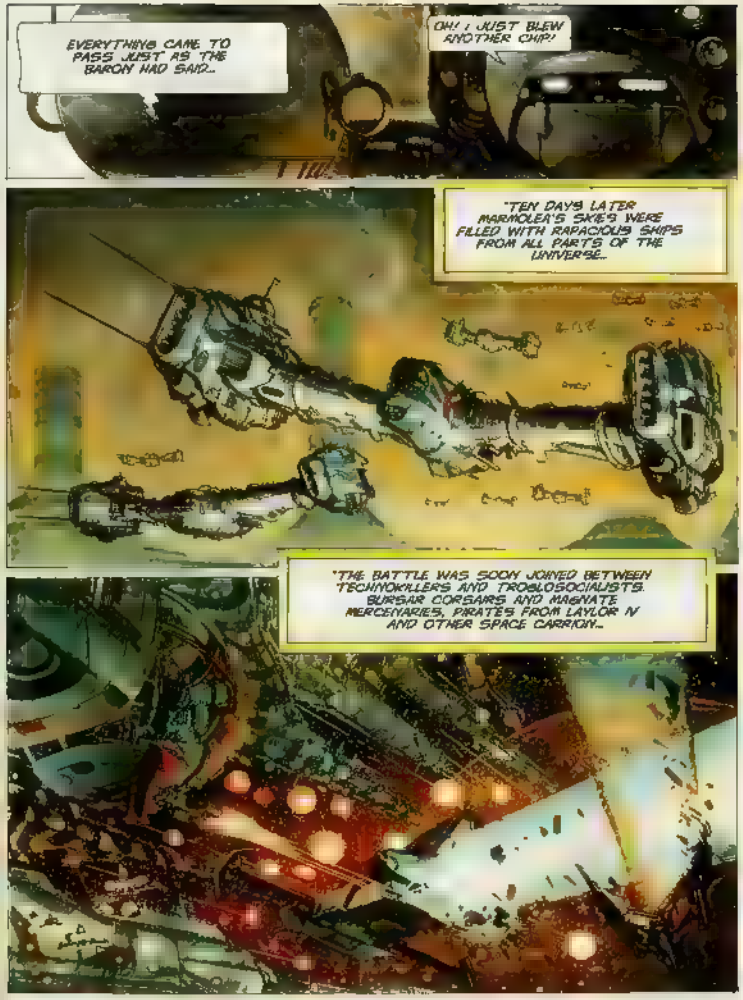
WE SHALL BEGIN WITH A SLIGHTLY CONVENTIONAL APPETIZER, BUT DECIDEDLY ABUNDANT
ABOVE ALL, ABUNDANT
A ROAST LOIN IN A SAUCE OF FINE HERBS.
GOOSE WITH CRAWFISH.
GLAK!!
GLUMP
WE WILL FOLLOW THIS WITH LOBSTER
SPAGHETTI PIE..
SLAM SLAM SLAM GLUP!
..WHICH WILL YIELD THE TABLE TO..
GLUG
GLUG
GLUG
SALMON MOUSSE
5

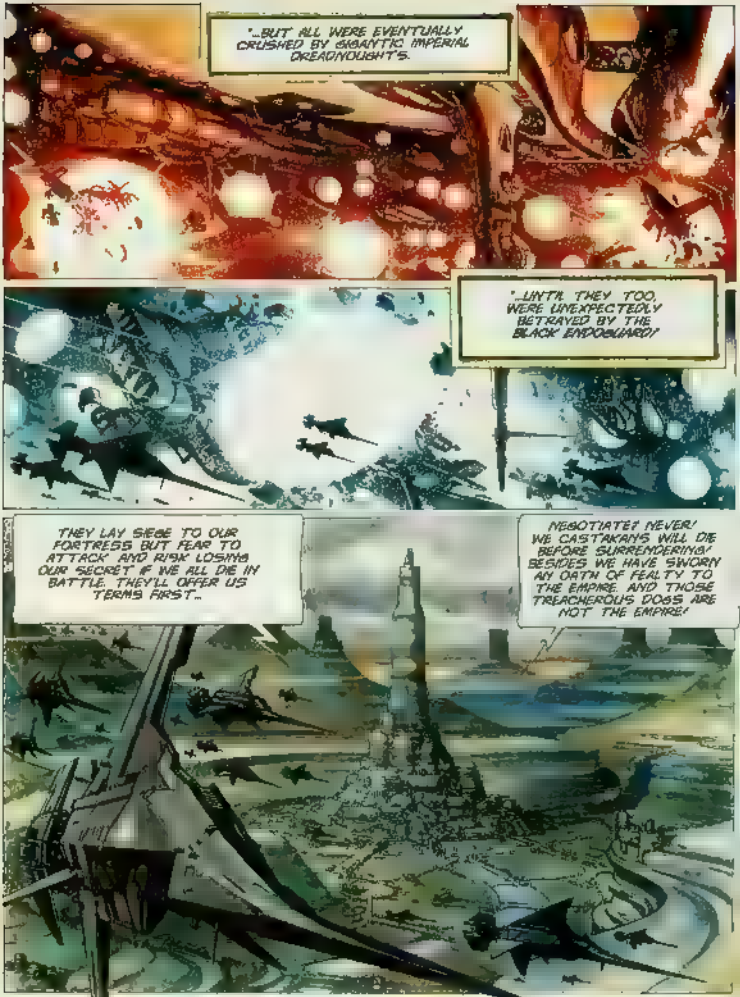
GLUG
NAM
DURP
NAM NAM
CHEW
CHEW
CHOMP
CHOM
CHTLOP
CURG
BURP
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP
NIAM
NAM
NIAM
GLOP
NIAM
NAM
NAM


BURP
GRRR
IS THAT EVERYTHING?
BEURP

AAAGH
E..E..
S.. NO. UGH
IT'S OVER. NO..WE MUST END THIS MADNESS! YOU HAVE NO..FEELINGS.
LOOK THIS IS ALL A BAD JOKE. HE CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO US..
HE'S RIGHT! IT WOULDN'T BE PRUDENT
THERE ARE SO MANY PEOPLE.. WITNESSES..
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
JUMP IN..
BLAM!
AND THE OTHER ONE?
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS


UNCONSCIOUS
UNCONSCIOUS
ARE YOU ALRIGHT PAL?
DON'T TOUCH ME.
WON'T SAY ANYTHING ANYTHING
WELL OK
LET HIM GO THOSE KIND OF GUYS GET UP TO NO GOOD WHEN THEY'VE BEEN DRINKING
THEY HAVE HALLUCINATIONS AND THINGS LIKE THAT
CREEK
WHEN IT'S BEEN A WEEK SINCE THEY'VE TASTED A MOUTHFUL


EVERYTHING CAME TO PASS JUST AS THE BARON HAD SAID...
OH! I JUST BLEW ANOTHER CHIP!
"TEN DAYS LATER MARMOLEO'S SKIES WERE FILLED WITH RAPACIOUS SHIPS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE UNIVERSE...
"THE BATTLE WAS SOON JOINED BETWEEN TECHNOKILLERS AND TROGLOSOCIALISTS. BURGAR CORSAIRS AND MAGNATE MERCENARIES, PIRATES FROM LAYLOR IV AND OTHER SPACE CARRION...


"...BUT ALL WERE EVENTUALLY CRUSHED BY GIGANTIC IMPERIAL DREADNOUGHTS.
"...UNTIL THEY TOO, WERE UNEXPECTEDLY BETRAYED BY THE BLACK ENDOGUARD!
THEY LAY SIEGE TO OUR FORTRESS BUT FEAR TO ATTACK AND RISK LOSING OUR SECRET IF WE ALL DIE IN BATTLE. THEY'LL OFFER US TERMS FIRST...
NEGOTIATE? NEVER! WE CASTAKANS WILL DIE BEFORE SURRENDERING! BESIDES WE HAVE SWORN AN OATH OF FEALTY TO THE EMPIRE. AND THOSE TREACHEROUS DOGS ARE NOT THE EMPIRE!

THE EMPIRE IS POWERLESS.
THEN TO HELL WITH IT! THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS IS OUR OATH! HONOR DEMANDS THAT WE DON'T BETRAY IT FOR DOING SO WOULD BE BETRAYING OURSELVES! WE WILL FIGHT!
WE'RE BUT 750 WARRIORS WITH PREHISTORIC WEAPONS, AGAINST 7,500 KILLERS EQUIPPED WITH NUKES. THEY'LL CRUSH US.
SURRENDER AND WE PROMISE TO SPARE YOUR LIVES!
DEATH IS THE WAY OF THE WARRIOR. I'D RATHER DIE FIGHTING THEN LIVE WITHOUT HONOR AFTER BETRAYING OUR IDEALS!
LET MEN OF VALOR FOLLOW ME!
STOP HER!
I'M WITH YOU MOTHER! I COULDN'T LIVE IF I HATED MYSELF!

NO ONE STEPS ACROSS THIS THRESHOLD!
PLEASE MY LADY
AIE!
NO ONE CAN STOP A WARRIOR OF CASTAKA!
OOOH!
YOU STAY OUT OF THIS! THIS IS MY DECISION AND MINE ALONE!

LISTEN ALL!
STOP!
YOU BLACK ENDOGUARDS WERE THE IMPERIAL COUPLE'S OWN PRIVATE FORCE! HOW COULD YOU BETRAY YOUR SOLEMN VOWS LIKE THIS? A WARRIOR UNFAITHFUL TO HIS LIEGE IS A MISERABLE COWARD.
REDEEM YOUR HONOR! SURRENDER THE UNWORTHY GENERALS WHOSE LUST FOR POWER MADE YOU STRAY FROM DUTY!
FIRE!!

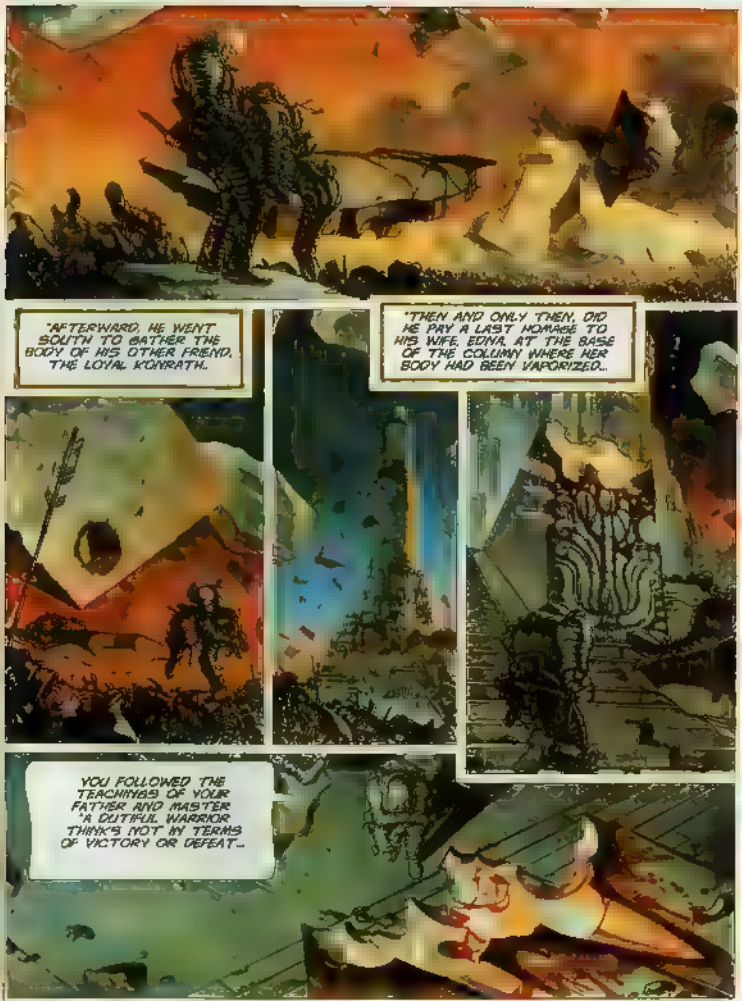
DEAD FOR NO CAUSE BUT HER PRIDE. WHAT A WASTE!
NO FATHER! SHE DIED FOR HONOR WHILE YOU COWARDLY BROKE MY LEG!
WHO'LL BE BRAVE ENOUGH TO CARRY ME TO MY MOTHER'S REMAINS SO THAT I, TOO, CAN DIE A HERO?
ENOUGH, BAR! I NEED YOU ALIVE. YOUR FOOLISHNESS COULD COST US DEARLY!
YOU ARE WITHOUT HONOR!
HONOR DOES NOT LIE IN A POINTLESS DEATH, BUT IN VICTORY! RUSE CAN BE AS HONORABLE AS BRANDISHING!
THE ENDOGUARD WEAPONS ARE POWERFUL, BUT CAN ONLY BE USED AT A DISTANCE..

UNLIKE US, THEY HAVEN'T FOUGHT HAND-TO-HAND FOR CENTURIES...
THE OLD BARON ONCE SAID: 'EVEN WHEN OUT-NUMBERED, ONLY THE WILL TO DESTROY YOUR ENEMIES TO THE LAST MAN CAN OPEN THE PATH OF VICTORY!'
HOMENHOLE, YOU'LL ATTACK FROM THE NORTH WITH HALF OF OUR MEN. TRY ENGAGING THEM AS CLOSELY AS POSSIBLE!
KONYRATH, YOU'LL DO THE SAME FROM THE SOUTH. USE THE SECRET TUNNELS. STOP THE ENDOGUARD FROM SPLITTING...
...AND I WILL STRIKE STRAIGHT AT THEIR HEART!
HURL THOSE BLOCKS, MEN! NOT ONE OF THESE BLACK DOGS MUST GAIN AN INCH! DUTY MAY BE HEAVIER THAN STONE, BUT DEATH IS LIGHTER THAN A FEATHER!

FOLLOW MY LEAD COMPANIONS! REMEMBER THAT IN BATTLE THERE ARE NO RULES BUT THE WILL TO WIN!
FIGHT! THESE BLACK-CLAD MONKEYS ARE A LOT LESS TOUGH THAN THEY LOOK!
WHILE THE TWINS, KONRATH AND HOMEWHOLE BARELY CONTAINED THE ENDOBOARD'S PROGRESS WITH NEAR SUICIDAL BRAVERY OTHON ARMED ONLY WITH A SHORT DAGGER USED A SECRET TUNNEL TO GAIN ACCESS TO THE VERY HEART OF THE ENEMY FORCES...
WHAT CHIP-WRACKING SUSPENSE! MY CIRCUITS ARE OVERHEATING. I NEED SOME MORE COOLING FLUID!

KILL!
...THUS DID OTHON VON SALZA MY MASTER'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER KILL OVER 1,000 BLACK ENDOGUARDS USING HIS DAGGER WITH SUPERHUMAN PRECISION TO LOCATE THE WEAKEST POINT OF THEIR ALLEGEDLY INVULNERABLE ARMOR!
YOU MUST BE SO PROUD OF HIM, TONTO! HAVE SOME MORE COOLING FLUID!

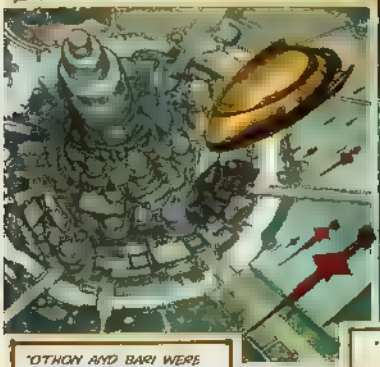
'SO MANY DEAD BODIES COVERED THE VALLEY THAT IT LOOKED LIKE A SILENT BLACK SEA..
'OTHOIN WALKED NORTH UNTIL HE CAME ACROSS THE BODY OF HIS FRIEND THE VALOROUS HOWENHOLE..


"AFTERWARD, HE WENT SOUTH TO GATHER THE BODY OF HIS OTHER FRIEND, THE LOYAL KONRATH.
"THEN AND ONLY THEN, DID HE PAY A LAST HOMAGE TO HIS WIFE, EDNA, AT THE BASE OF THE COLUMN WHERE HER BODY HAD BEEN VAPORIZED..
YOU FOLLOWED THE TEACHINGS OF YOUR FATHER AND MASTER "A DUTIFUL WARRIOR THINKS NOT IN TERMS OF VICTORY OR DEFEAT...

"...BUT FIGHTS BRAVELY UNTO DEATH, FOR ONLY THUS CAN HE ACCOMPLISH HIS DESTINY!"
REST IN PEACE EDNA! YOU HAVE JOINED THIS SILENCE, WHICH IS AT THE HEART AND SOUL OF ALL LIFE!
"ONLY THEN, DID HE HUMBLY KNEEL BEFORE BARI, HIS SON, AND BANDAGE HIS BROKEN LEGS.
I'M SORRY, DAD! I MISJUDGED YOU. YOU'RE THE NOBLEST OF MEN!

THANK YOU, MY SON. BUT UNDERSTAND ALSO THAT MY VICTORY HAS ONLY BOUGHT US TIME. SOON, THE EMPIRE WILL COME AND THE OIL OF MARMOLEA WILL BE PURE NO LONGER.
"INDEED, THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY, THE SPY NESTS QUICKLY SPREAD THE NEWS OF THE DEFEAT OF THE RENEGADE ENDOGUARD AT THE HANDS OF OTHON, NEW BARON OF CASTAKA.

"A WEEK LATER, THE GOLDEN SHIP OF THE IMPERIAL COUPLE FLANKED BY THE NEWLY-FORMED PURPLE ENDOGUARD ARRIVED ON MARMOLEA..

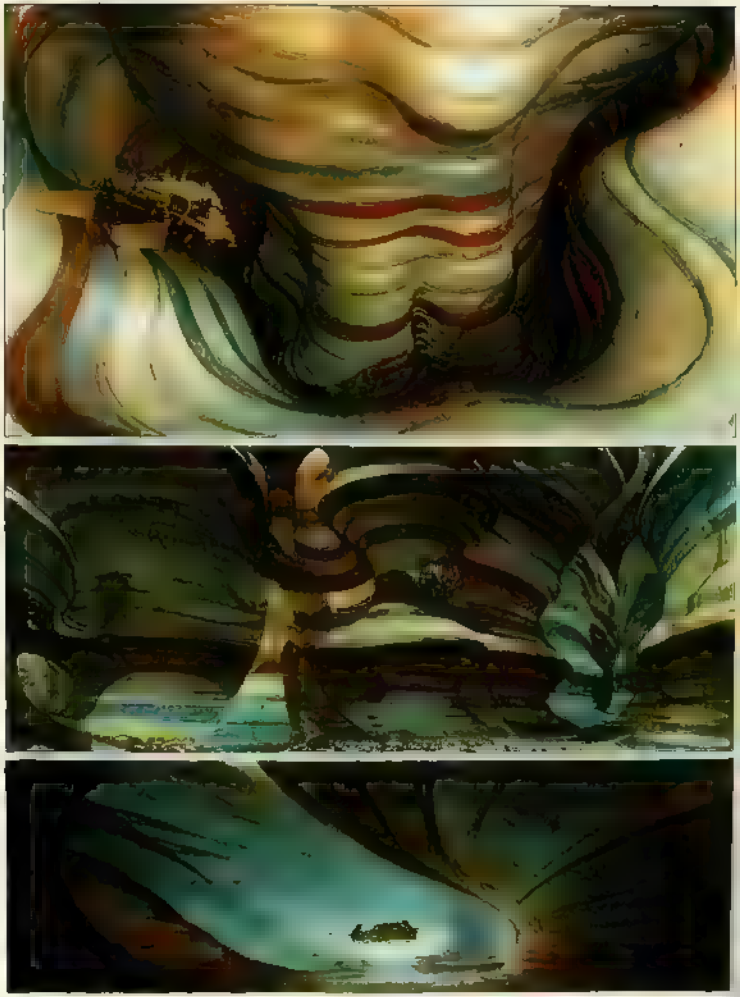


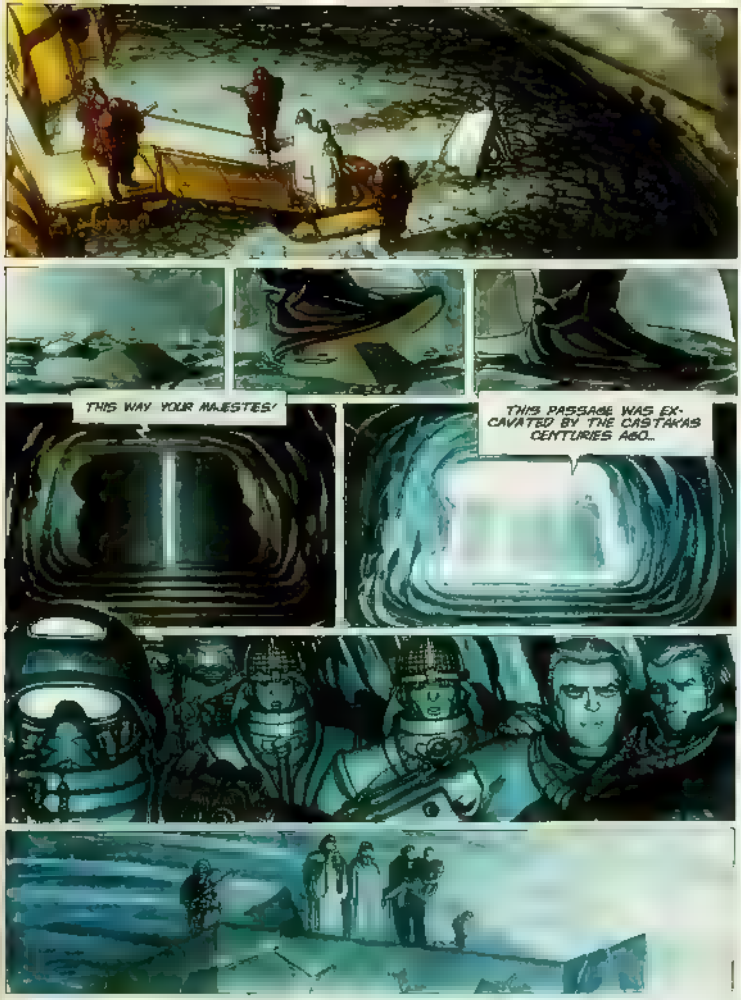
"OTHON AND BARI WERE DECORATED FOR THEIR VALOR

"THEN SECRET NEGOTIATIONS BEGAN IN EARNEST..

YOUR MAJESTIES, MY SON AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES TO KNOW THE SECRET OF THE HOLY OIL, WHICH YOU CALL EPYNITE. NO TORTURE COULD FORCE IT OUT OF US, AND YOUR MEN COULD EXPLORE THIS PLANET FOR CENTURIES WITHOUT FINDING IT..
WE ALREADY KNOW ALL THIS, BARON. THE EMPIRE NOW AWAITS YOUR TERMS. SPEAK!

WE ARE YOUR MAJESTIES' OBEDIENT SERVANT'S, AND WILL REQUEST NO MORE THAN THE SMALL ROYALTY ON EPYPHITE SALES TO WHICH WE ARE LAWFULLY ENTITLED...
ALSO, I WANT A NEW WORLD FOR MY SON AND I, UPON WHICH YOU WILL TRANSPORT AND REBUILD THIS VERY FORTRESS WHERE WE NOW STAND, AND ALSO...
AND?
ALSO?
...AND ALSO A MODEST GIFT FOR BARI TO RESTORE THE JOY THAT HE LOST WHEN HIS LEGS WERE BROKEN...
I NEED NO SUCH GIFT FATHER! ADVERSITY ONLY SERVES TO REINFORCE THE SOUL!
WE AGREE TO ALL YOUR DEMANDS, BARON. NOW SHOW US THE SOURCE OF THE EPYPHITE!
YES, SHOW US THE SOURCE AND YOU'LL GET YOUR GIFT!




THIS WAY YOUR MAJESTIES!
THIS PASSAGE WAS EXCAVATED BY THE CASTAKAS CENTURIES AGO...

WHAT AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT! SUCH A VAST OCEAN! THE EMPIRE'S GREATEST TREASURE!
YES, MAGAELLA! THIS NEW SOURCE OF ENERGY WILL SHAKE THE VERY HEAVENS AND MAKE US THE MOST POWERFUL FORCE IN THE GALAXY!
EPYPHITE IS MARMOLEA'S SACRED BLOOD. THE CASTAKA HAVE ALWAYS WORSHIPED IT AND PRESERVED IT'S SECRET!
BUT AS MOTHER SAID, PROGRESS CAN'T BE KEPT AT BAY FOREVER. EPYPHITE WILL CHANGE THE POLITICAL AND MILITARY FACE OF THE EMPIRE, HOPEFULLY FOR GOOD. SO BE IT!

TELL ME, TONTO, DID THEY TRULY GIVE OTHON EVERYTHING THAT HE HAD ASKED?
AH, LOTHAR, YOU ARE SO SUSPICIOUS YOU DOUBT EVEN THE WORD OF THE EMPEROR! BUT NO, THEY PAID HIM THE AGREED-UPON ROYALTY ON EPYPHITE SALES, THEREBY STARTING THE INCALCULABLE FORTUNE OF THE META-BARONS...
"I AM GLAD! BUT DID THEY ALSO GIVE THEM THAT NEW WORLD, UPON WHICH THEY COULD TRANSPORT THEIR FORTRESS?"
"YES, LOTHAR! IT WAS DISASSEMBLED AND REBUILT STONE BY STONE ON THE BEAUTIFUL PLANET OF OKHAR, IN THE DIAMONDIA SYSTEM."
"AND WHAT ABOUT BARI'S GIFT? DID THEY GIVE IT TO HIM? YOU DID NOT TELL ME WHAT HAD OTHON ASKED. SURELY SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY. FOR WHAT ELSE COULD RESTORE JOY TO A CRIPPLED YOUNG WARRIOR?"
"YES, LOTHAR. THE GIFT ARRIVED SOON AFTER THEY HAD RESETTLED ON OKHAR, AND IT WAS TRULY WONDERFUL!"
"WHAT WAS IT? TELL ME BEFORE I BLOW ANOTHER CHIP!"

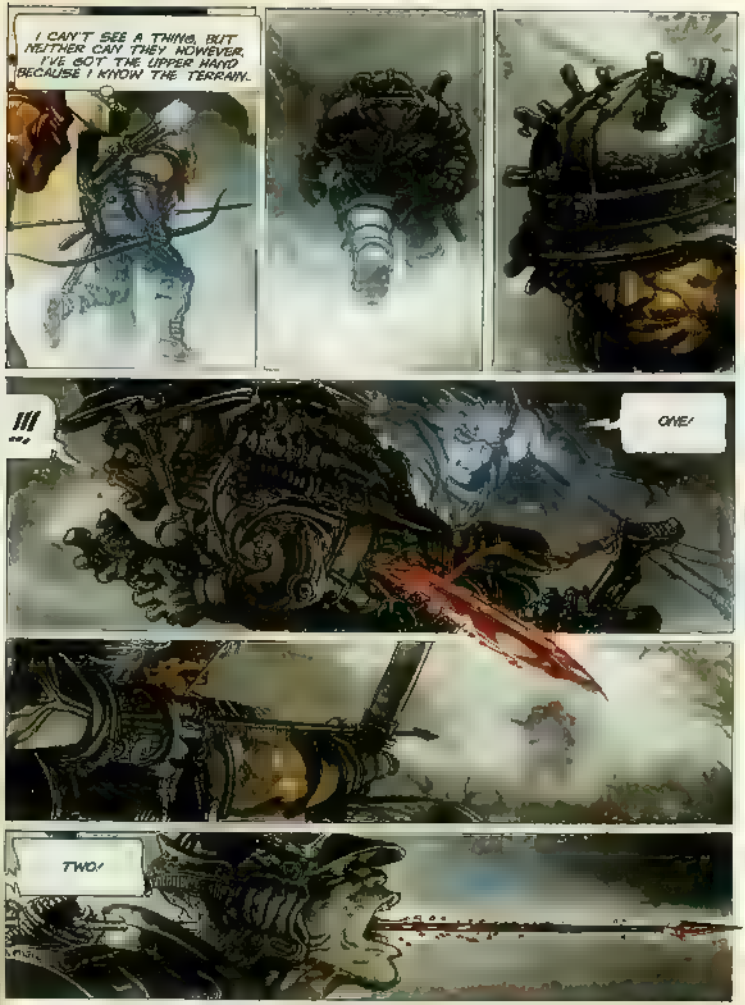
'IT WAS A HORSE, LOTHAR! A LIVING SPECIMEN OF A SPECIES THAT HAD BEEN EXTINCT FOR 20,000 YEARS. BUT WHOSE GENES HAD BEEN PRESERVED DEEP IN THE VAULTS OF THE IMPERIAL LIFE MUSEUM...
IT WAS WORTH 100 TONS OF PURE GOLD! IT WAS THE LAST EQUUS CABALLUS, RECREATED BY THE YEAR-LONG LABORS OF AN ENTIRE TECHNO GENE CREW!
WOW!
I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH WORDS TO THANK YOU, DAD! THE THOUGHT'S OF LEARNING HOW TO RIDE THIS LIVING WONDER IS INDEED ENOUGH TO RESTORE ALL MY TASTE FOR LIFE!
THIS ANIMAL WAS BORN FOR YOU, BAR! GIVE HIM A LUMP OF SUGAR, A NAME, AND HE'LL BE YOURS FOREVER!
'BAR NAMED THE HORSE SHAZAM, AFTER AN OLD LEGEND. AND SOON MASTERED IT. A NEW LIFE THEN BEGAN FOR THE BOY WHO COULD FINALLY EXPLORE THE EDEN-LIKE WONDERS OF THEIR NEW WORLD...
RUN, SHAZAM! JUMP OVER ANY OBSTACLES! FLY LIKE THE WIND!

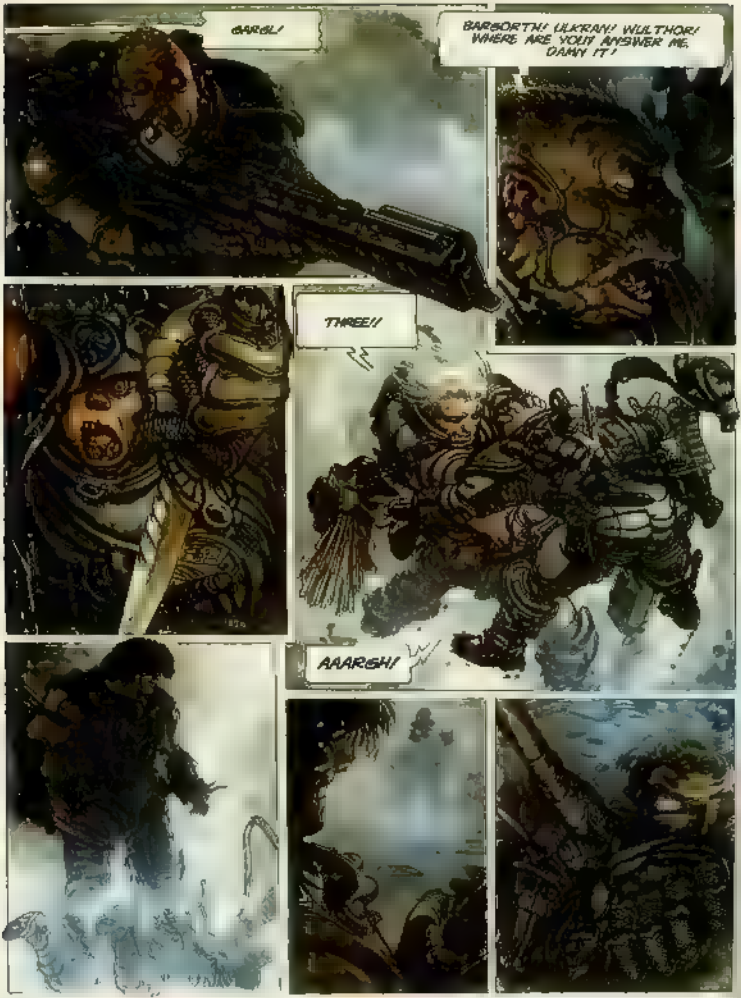
WELL DONE, FRIEND! TONIGHT, WE'LL DINE ON ROASTED KARVIE AND YOU'LL ENJOY A DOUBLE RATION OF ALDEBERANN OATS!
I BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS, MY LORD BARON BUT THE YOUNG MASTER DIDN'T LEAVE ME ANY TIME TO UNDRESS HIM. HE WAS SO EXHAUSTED THAT HE BARELY ATE BEFORE COLLAPSING ON HIS BED AND FALLING RIGHT ASLEEP
ZZZZZ
BUT I NEVER SAW HIM HAPPIER! BLESSED BE THE GREAT UNSEEN!
EVEN I, MY GOOD IKU-TA, AM STARTING TO RESENT THE ICY LONELINESS OF AN EMPTY BED. I NEED SOME FEMALE COMPANION. SHIP. FETCH YOUR DAUGHTERS!
SHAZAM HAS DONE WONDERS TO LIFT THE BOY'S SPIRITS, ESPECIALLY AS WINTER APPROACHES WITH IT'S GLOOMY MISTS.

BY THE HORNS OF SULGOR! THIS DAMN FOB IS GONN' TO SLOW US DOWN!
YEAH! DON'T WORRY ULKRAN, MY GEOCOMPASS IS PROGRAMMED FOR MARMOLEAN STONE. WE CAN'T MISS THEIR CITADEL!
ON THE OTHER HAND, IT'S GONNA HIDE US AND MAKE STEALIN' THAT HORSE SO MUCH EASIER!
YOUR GEOCOMPASS WORKED ALL RIGHT, WULTHOR! HERE'S THE FORTRESS!
NOW IT'S UP TO YOU AND YOUR MARBLE DISINTEGRATOR, TOKK'AR!
DON'T FRET! IT NEVER LET ME DOWN BEFORE!
LET'S GO! A FORTUNE'S WAITIN'!

THERE'S THE HORSE!
LET'S HOPE IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY NOISE!
I PAID A FORTUNE TO A RENEGADE TECHNO FOR THIS VIAL OF SYNTHETIC MARE ESSENCE. NOW'S THE TIME TO TEST IT..
IT WORKED! IT'S FOLLOWIN' ME LIKE A DOG...AN DUMB AS A DODO...
WE GOTTA GET BACK TO THE SHOP DAMN! THE GEOCOMPASS'S ON THE FRITZ AN' THE FOG IS THICKENIN'!
SO WHAT'S WE'VE GOT ALL NIGHT THEY'RE SLEEPIN' LIKE LURDS IN THIS PLACE!
WAKE UP, IKU-TA! I DREAMED THAT PIRATES WERE STEALING SHAZAM! TO THE STABLES! QUICKLY!

THE BANDITS TOOK HIM! BUT I'LL GO AFTER THEM AND KILL THEM ALL! THEY CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR IN THAT FOG!
PLEASE, YOUNG MASTER. DON'T GO! YOUR LEGS ARE STILL WEAK! LET'S CALL YOUR FATHER!
NO ONE BUT I WILL GET MY HORSE BACK! EVEN WITHOUT MY LEGS, I CAN STILL DEFEAT THEM. I CARRY THE CERTAINTY OF VICTORY IN MY HEART!
A THOUSAND PARDONS, MY LORD BARON! PIRATES STOLE THE HORSE...THE YOUNG MASTER WENT AFTER THEM...THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO TO STOP HIM.I HUMBLY REQUEST YOUR PERMISSION TO KILL MYSELF.
DON'T BE A FOOL, IKU-TA! READY MY BATTLESUIT!
THE TRACKS ARE STILL FRESH. FOUR MEN...EQUIPPED WITH SIBIRI ARMOR WITH SPIN CONTROL... THEY'RE LOST IN THE FOG, AND ONLY TEN MINUTES AHEAD OF US!
DON'T RAISE THE ALARM, IKU-TA! IN HIS CONDITION, BARI WILL NEVER SUCCEED IN STOPPING THEM, AND I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW OF MY SON'S FAILURE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS MYSELF. THESE THUGS WILL PAY FOR THEIR RECKLESSNESS WITH THEIR LIVES!


I CAN'T SEE A THING, BUT NEITHER CAN THEY HOWEVER, I'VE GOT THE UPPER HAND BECAUSE I KNOW THE TERRAIN.
!!!
ONE!
TWO!


GARGL!
BARBORTH! ULKRAN! WULTHOR! WHERE ARE YOU?! ANSWER ME, DAMN IT!
THREE!!
AAARGH!

AND FOUR!
AAH! D-DAD! THE...H-HORSE...
BARI?
BARI?

...I G-GOT H-HIM B-BACK...I...WAS...A T-TRUE...W-WARRIOR...
AAH!
BAR!! FORGIVE ME!
FORGIVE ME!
BAR!...

'HIS PELVIS BLASTED BY THE PIRATE, THE BARON WAS ONLY ABLE TO RETURN TO THE FORTRESS WITH SHAZAM'S HELP...

'EVEN THOUGH HE OFTEN CAME CLOSE TO DEATH, THE TENDER CARE PROVIDED BY THE FAITHFUL IKU-TA AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS ENABLED HIM TO EVENTUALLY PULL THROUGH...

NOOO! IT'S A PIRATE WHOM I KILLED...NOT MY SON..BAR! COME BACK! ANSWER ME! DEATH IS BUT AN ILLUSION! I MUST WAKE UP!

A PRECIOUS BIRD OF SCARLET PLUMAGE FELL TO THE EARTH. IT TURNED INTO A FLOWER THAT WILL GROW AND GROW, BEYOND SPACE. YOUR SON WILL BE A FAMOUS WARRIOR. NOW REST, MY LORD BARON!

"AFTERWARD, OTHON TURNED HIS BACK ON PURE MARTIAL ARTS AND BEGAN INVESTING HIS FORTUNE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FIRST META-BIAONIC WEAPONS..."
"...THEREBY STARTING THE ANCIENT TRADITION OF BIONIC IMPLANTS WITH THE GRAFT OF A PROTO-CYBERNETIC PELVIS..."
WAIT, TONTO! AM I MISSING SOMETHING? I THOUGHT HUMANS NEEDED GENITAL ORGANS TO REPRODUCE...
THEN, WITH BARI DEAD, HOW COULD A CRIPPLED OTHON VON SALZA PROCREATE DESCENDANTS? DID HE ADOPT AN ORPHAN?
NO, LOTHAR, HE DID NOT ADOPT. HE PROCREATED A NEW SON WITH A WOMAN HE LOVED. A SON OF HIS FLESH AND BLOOD...
THIS IS AMAZING! I FEEL I AM GOING TO BLOW ANOTHER CHIP! YOU MUST TELL ME HOW HE MANAGED TO DO THIS!
THEY DO. PENIS, GONADS, SPERM...
FIRST, WE MUST PREPARE DINNER, FOR OUR MASTER MAY RETURN SOON. I WILL TELL YOU THE REST OF THE STORY TOMORROW.
OH BLAST!
JODOROWSKY JOSIMENEZ ©
THE END | FOR NOW